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PAGES

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NO.11

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HELL'S ANGELS

AT LAST, SPARKLING STARS CAN REVEAL ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES SOME OF THE SECRET EXPLOITS OF THE FAMOUS "HELL'S ANGELS" THAT HELPED TO WIN WORLD WAR II.

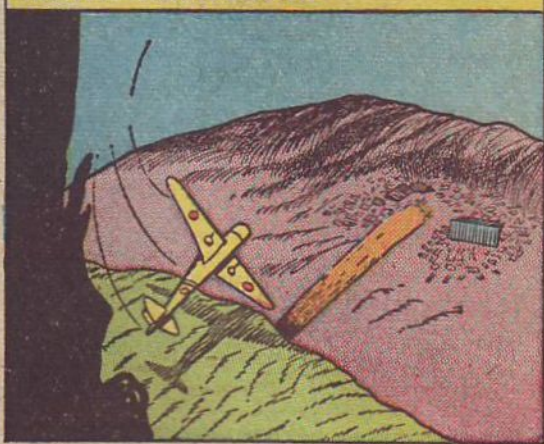
LATER ON WILL BE TOLD MORE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF THIS NOTED AMERICAN FLYING TRIO--GIL LITTLE, CLEM WEST AND LANK STRONG--EVEN NOW THESE VETERAN DAREDEVILS ARE ON A DANGEROUS TRAIL--THE TRAIL OF DIE-HARD AGENTS OF THE BEATEN AXIS COUNTRIES WHO ARE SEEKING TO DISCOVER THE SECRETS OF OUR ATOMIC BOMBS WITH THE OBJECT OF SUDDENLY WIPING OUT THE U.S.A. IN WORLD WAR III.



AT AN AMERICAN FIGHTER OUT-POST IN THE PHILIPPINES...



THE JAP PLANE BANKS SHARPLY AND BEGINS TO DRIFT SWIFTLY DOWN TO THE AMERICAN OUTPOST.



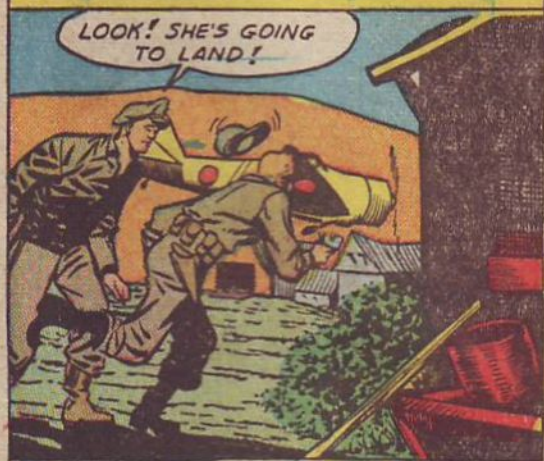
IT'S RIGHT OVER-HEAD NOW!

FIRE!



THE JAPANESE PLANE COMES INTO THE FIELD FOR A LANDING.

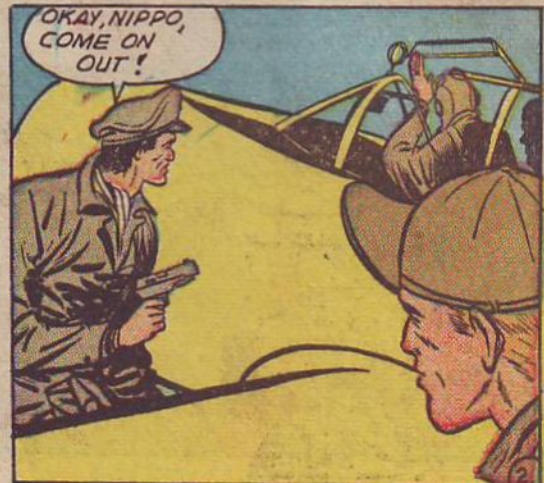
LOOK! SHE'S GOING TO LAND!



SURROUND THE PLANE, MEN-IT MAY BE A TRICK!



OKAY, NIPPO, COME ON OUT!



KEEP YOUR EYE ON 'EM,
BOYS. IF THEY TRY ANY FUNNY
WORK, **BLAST 'EM!**



HIYA, MAJOR!

WHAT TH-!
LANK STRONG!!



MAJOR LINNET! I
DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE
HERE!

WELL, I'LL BE-!
GIL LITTLE AND
CLEM WEST!



LOOK! IT'S THE
HELL'S ANGELS!

I DON'T GET IT.
HOW COME THE
JAP PLANE?



WE WERE CAPTUR-
ED BY THE JAPS
AND HELD PRISON-
ER IN THE LOST
KINGDOM ON
DUTCH NEW GUINEA!

THE ONLY
WAY WE COULD
ESCAPE WAS
IN A JAP PLANE!



YOU'RE LUCKY WE DIDN'T
BLAST YOU TO PIECES!
BETTER REPORT TO THE
COLONEL.



SIR, CAPTAIN STRONG REPORTING!
WE ARE CARRYING AN IMPORTANT
DISPATCH FOR GENERAL
MACARTHUR!



MEANWHILE, AT JAPANESE IMPERIAL HEADQUARTERS.

FIVE MORE DESTROYERS SUNK
IN PAST WEEK! WHAT IS
WRONG? SOON WE HAVE NO
NAVY AT ALL.

BUT, YOUR
EXCELLENCY, AMERICAN
NAVY IS UNFAIR!
THEY USE BIGGER
GUNS THAN WE!

BAH! WE CANNOT WIN A WAR
WITH EXCUSES! WE MUST FIND WAY
TO CRIPPLE ALLIED NAVY OR
ALL IS LOST!



YOUR EXCELLENCY, THIS INFERIOR
OFFICER HAS SUGGESTION.

YOU?! VERY WELL,
CAPTAIN KOGA,
SPEAK UP!



EXCELLENT SUGGESTION,
CAPTAIN, EXCELLENT!

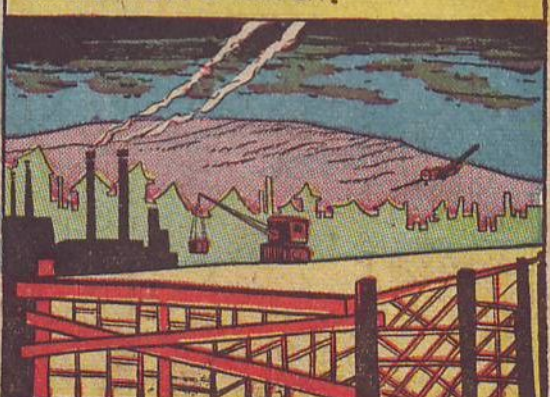


CAPTAIN KOGA, I ELEVATE YOU
TO RANK OF COMMANDER, START
YOUR PLAN IMMEDIATELY!

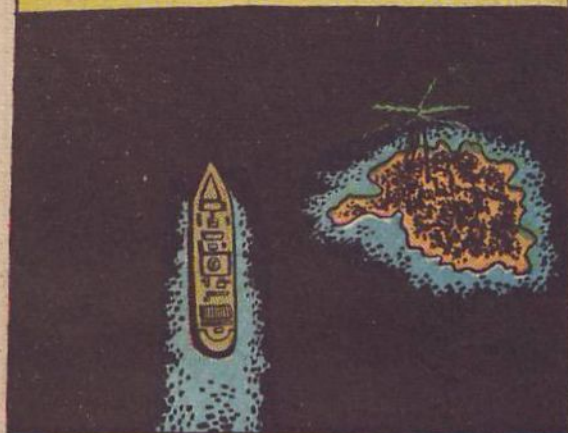
HSss, I AM
INDEED
GRATEFUL!



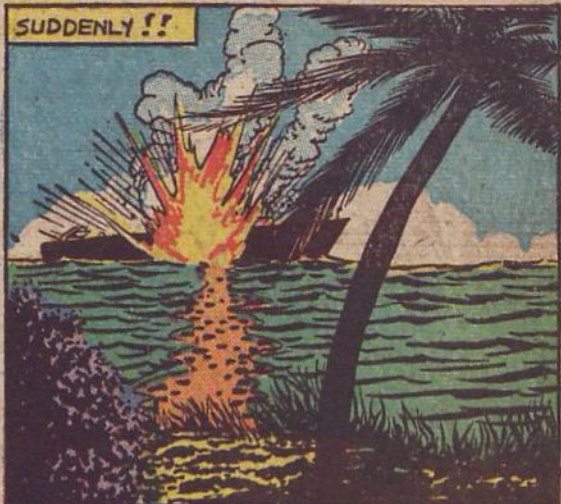
SOON A VAST ARMY OF WORKMEN ARE
TOILING DAY AND NIGHT TO EXECUTE THE
MASTER PLAN OF NIPPON!



THREE WEEKS LATER, AN AMERICAN MERCHANT
SHIP PASSES A LONELY PACIFIC ISLE . . .



SUDDENLY !!



THAT SAME AFTERNOON, AN AMERICAN TASK FORCE
PLOUGHS THROUGH A PLACID SEA.



WITHOUT WARNING!!



SIR, OUR DETECTING
DEVICES CAN'T LOCATE
THE PRESENCE OF A
SUBMARINE. NO OIL SLICKS
ON THE WATER OR ANYTHING...

THE DEVILS!
THEY MUST BE
SOMEWHERE....
FIND THEM!



THE AMERICAN NAVY SCOURS THE PACIFIC BUT
CAN FIND NO TRACE OF JAP SUBMARINES, MEAN-
WHILE ALLIED LOSSES MOUNT SHARPLY.



TWO DAYS LATER...

EVERY PLANE IN THIS AREA IS TO TAKE TO THE AIR AND STAY THERE UNTIL WE FIND THE SOURCE OF THIS DESTRUCTION. START IMMEDIATELY!



WATCH MY SMOKE, CHUMS! I SHALL GET AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS BAFFLING DILEMMA, NEVER FEAR!

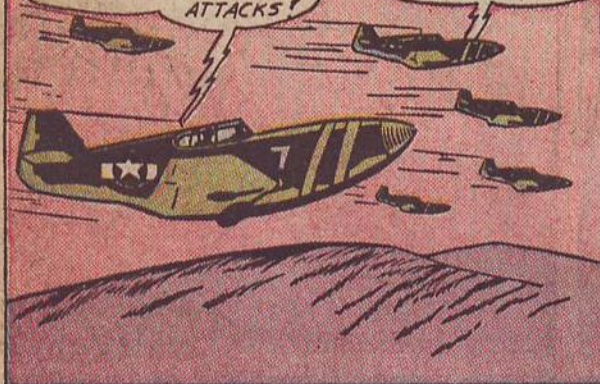
STOW THE BIG TALK, SHORTY. THIS SON OF TEXAS WILL RECEIVE A CITATION TODAY!



THEY'RE OFF!

HEY, LANK, STICK CLOSE TO ME. I'LL PROTECT YOU IF THE BAD OL' ENEMY ATTACKS!

PULL IN YOUR EARS, LITTLE ONE, OR PAPA WILL CUT OUT YOUR CANDY RATIONS!



ATTENTION, ALL SQUADRONS! SPLIT UP INTO THREES, EACH TRIO TAKING A DIFFERENT DIRECTION. SNAP TO IT, MEN, AND GOOD HUNTING!



THE HELL'S ANGELS STRIKE OFF TOWARD THE NORTH WEST!

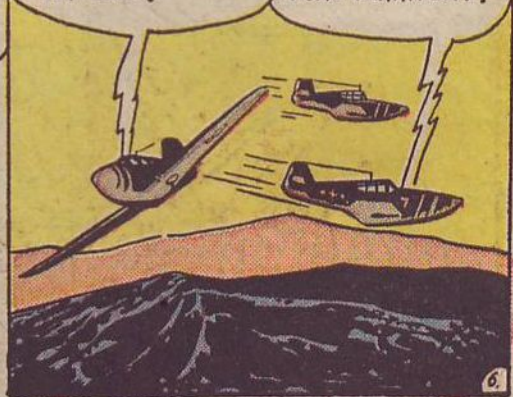
C'MON, CUP-CAKES! FOLLOW GENERAL GIL!

YOU'RE TOO FRISKY TODAY, HALF PINT! BETTER SLOW UP BEFORE YOU RUN INTO TROUBLE.



SO LONG, BOYS. I'M STARTING OUT ON MY OWN!

GIL! COME BACK! YOU DOPE, WE'RE IN JAP TERRITORY!



LET 'IM GO, LANK, HE CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF.

I HOPE SO!
HE'S TOO SMART-
ALECKY FOR HIS
OWN GOOD!



ONE HOUR LATER

♪ OFF I GO INTO
THE WILD BLUE YONDER,
FLYING HIGH INTO THE
♪ SUN... ♪



OH, LOOKY, A LITTLE ISLAND
ALL BY ITS LONESOME.
METHINKS I WILL GO DOWN
AND INVESTIGATE!



HMM, NO NATIVES, NO
NOTHING! LOOKS LIKE THE
ISLAND IS DESERTED.



SUDDENLY!!

OH-OH! LOOKS LIKE
I SPOKE TOO SOON.



A HEAVY CONCENTRATION OF FLAK
RIPS INTO GIL'S PLANE!

THEY'VE GOT ME! I'D
BETTER HIT THE SILK---
BUT QUICK!



THE JIG IS UP. BUT I'LL KNOCK
OFF AS MANY NIPS AS I CAN
BEFORE THEY GET ME!



OOPS, MY GUN! WELL,
LOOKS LIKE THIS IS IT!

SEIZE YANKEE
DEVIL!



BOY, ARE YOU BOYS BRAVE,
WHEN YOU OUTNUMBER
A YANK 30 TO 1.

TAKE HIM TO
HONORABLE COMMAND
ER!



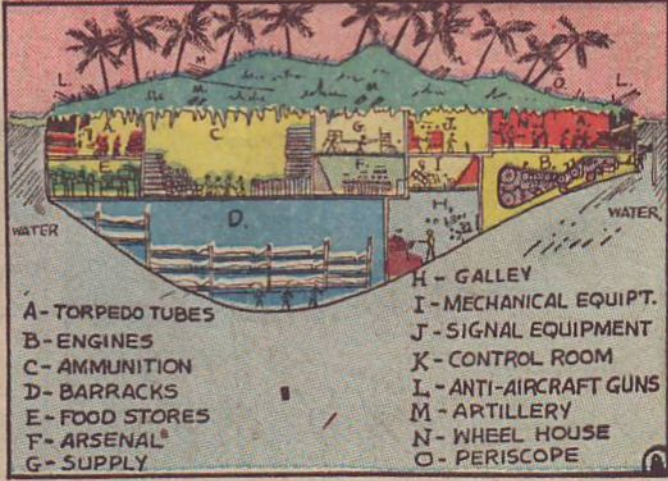
WELCOME TO OUR
ISLAND, LIEUTENANT!

THANKS, APE! YOU
JAPS THINK YOU'RE
MIGHTY CLEVER,
DON'T YOU?



CERTAINLY WE ARE
CLEVER. SEE MAP ON
WALL! YOU THINK YOU
ON ISLAND, BUT THIS IS
VERY CLEVER FLOATING
FORTRESS! LOOK!

WELL, I'LL BE--!
SO THAT'S WHY
THIS ISLAND
ISN'T ON THE
CHARTS!



CLEVER, EH? WE BUILT THIS IMMENSE ARMORED FLOATING BARGE, PROPELLED BY HUGE MOTORS. DIRT AND TREES ON TOP MAKE IT LOOK LIKE ISLAND. IT LURES ALLIED SHIPS TO DESTRUCTION.



UNLUCKY THAT YOU FIND THIS ISLAND. WE CANNOT RISK HAVING YOU ESCAPE! SO---VERY SORRY BUT HEADS MUST COME OFF!



MEANWHILE...!

ANY WORD FROM GIL YET, LANK?

NOT A WORD! I WARNED HIM NOT TO BREAK AWAY FROM US. HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN BACK LONG AGO!



LET'S TAKE UP THAT JAP PLANE IN WHICH WE ESCAPED FROM THE LOST KINGDOM. I'VE GOT THEIR SECRET CODE.

HMMM! IT MIGHT WORK. THE JAPS WILL THINK WE'RE TWO OF THEIR OWN BOYS AND FLAG US DOWN INTO THE SECRET BASE!



ONE HOUR LATER!

HERE WE ARE! GIL FLEW OFF TO THE NORTHEAST FROM THIS POINT!

THAT'S THE DIRECTION WE'LL TAKE. KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT FOR ANYTHING OUT OF THE WAY!



WE'VE FOUND IT! JAPS ARE SIGNALLING TO US WITH MIRROR!

RIGHT! THEY'RE AFRAID TO USE RADIO SO THEY'RE BLINKING US IN..... HERE GOES!





WELL, I'LL BE---
LOOK!

QUIET! I KNOW THE JAP
LINGO---LET ME DO THE
TALKING!

THEY MUST BE
THE MESSENGERS
FROM TOKYO.



COMMANDER KOGA
EXPECTS YOU.

TAKE US TO HIM
IMMEDIATELY!

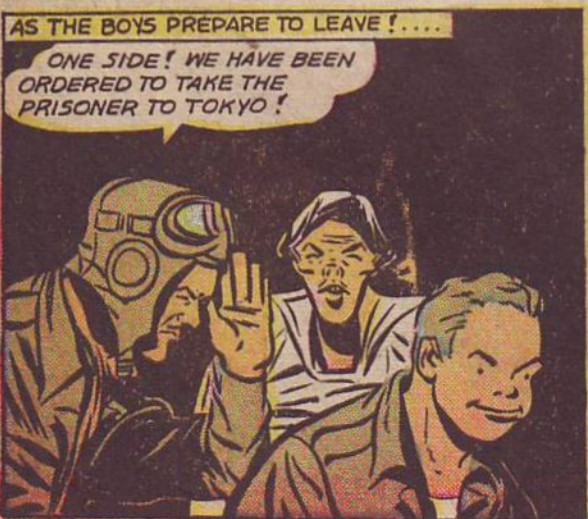


HERE'S THE NEWS, NIP...
BAD NEWS!



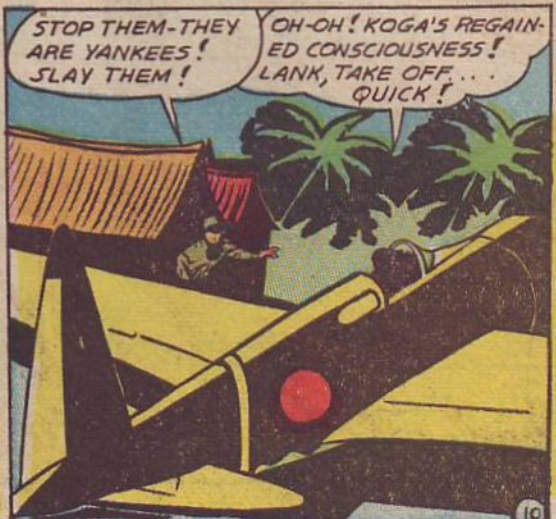
YOU'RE FREE, GIL!
NOW LET'S SCRAM!

LANK! CLEM! YOU
MADE IT... JUST
IN TIME!



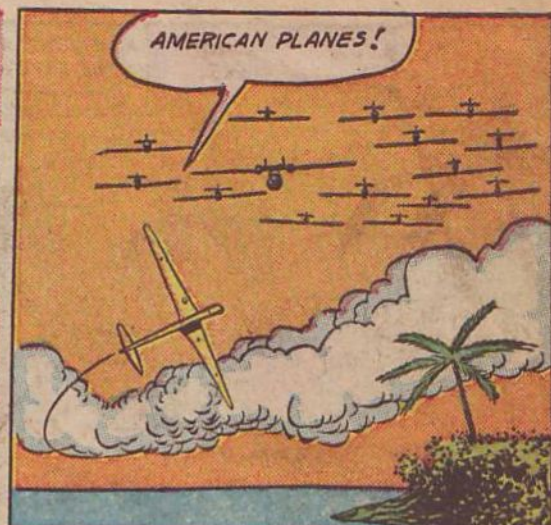
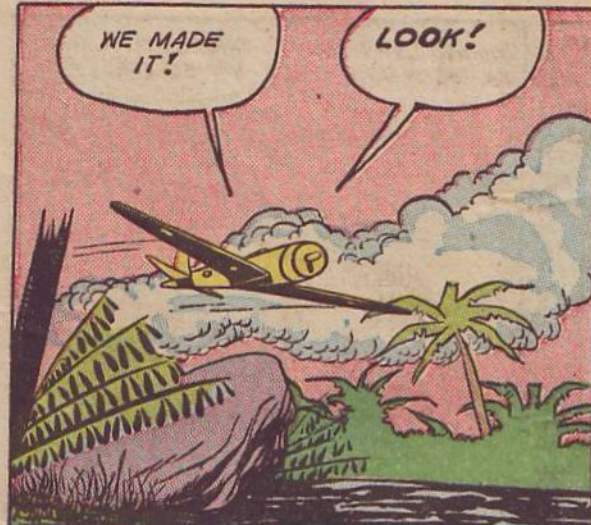
AS THE BOYS PREPARE TO LEAVE!....

ONE SIDE! WE HAVE BEEN
ORDERED TO TAKE THE
PRISONER TO TOKYO!



STOP THEM-THEY
ARE YANKEES!
SLAY THEM!

OH-OH! KOGA'S REGAIN-
ED CONSCIOUSNESS!
LANK, TAKE OFF...
QUICK!



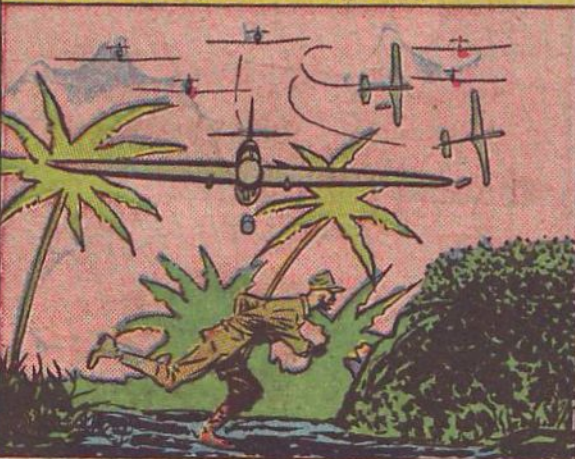
LIEUTENANT LITTLE TO FLIGHT
COMMANDER---DON'T SHOOT, SIR...
THIS IS THE
HELL'S ANGELS!



ISLAND BELOW IS THE
JAP BASE WE WERE LOOKING
FOR---! AMMUNITION STORE-
ROOM ON NORTHEAST
CONCENTRATE ON
BOMBING
NORTHEAST
SECTION!



THE YANK PLANES ATTACK AND DESTROY THE
ISLAND FORTRESS OF THE NIPPON.



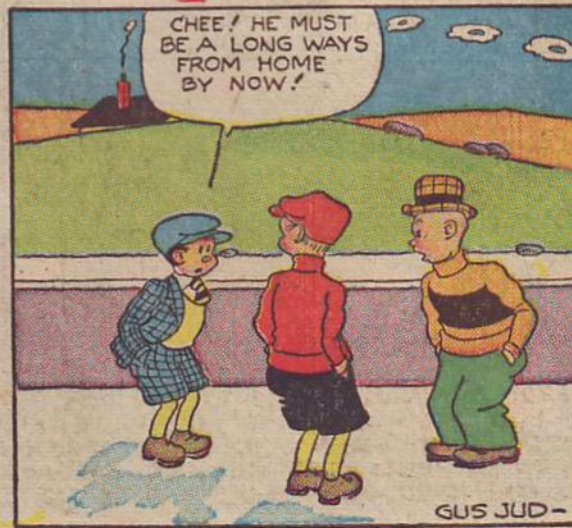
TWO DAYS LATER!

...YOUR MERITORIOUS CONDUCT
ABOVE AND BEYOND THE CALL OF
DUTY IS OUTSTANDING AND WILL
LONG BE REMEMBERED.

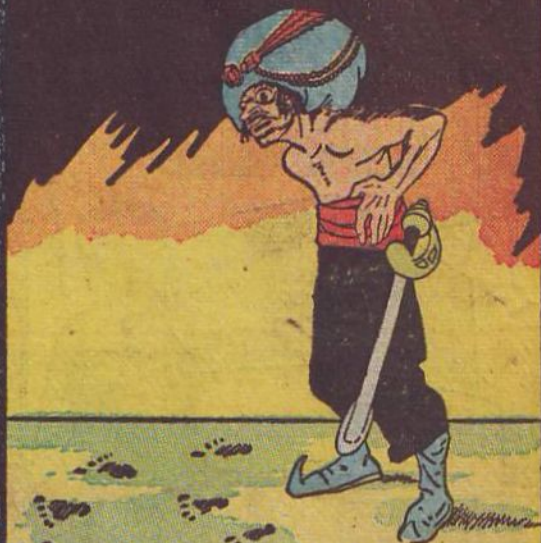
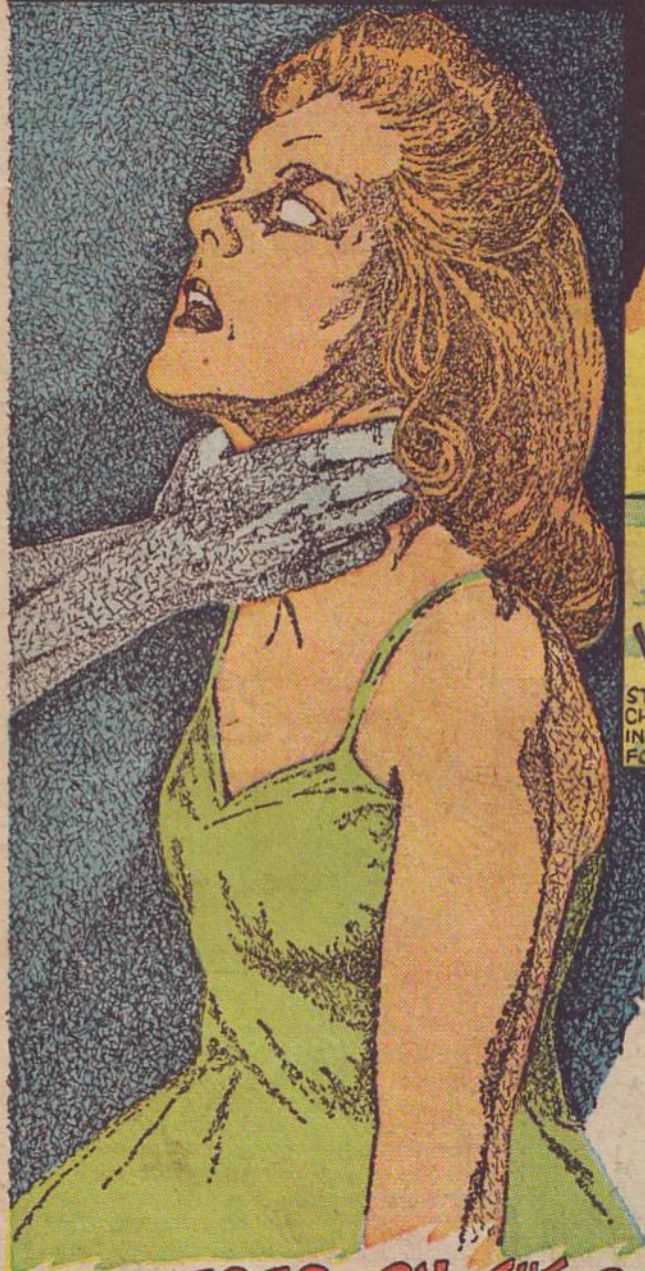
(SIGNED)... GENERAL OF THE
ARMIES, DOUGLAS MACARTHUR.



CHUCK



UNSOLVED MYSTERIES



WEIRD STORY OF CHILDREN.
AT THE MOSQUE BUILT BY PIERRE LOTTI, STRANGE SOUNDS AND FOOTPRINTS OF CHILDREN WERE FOUND. LOTTI DIED FROM INSANITY. NO EXPLANATION WAS EVER FOUND OF THE "TINY ONES".

MURDERED BY THE DEAD

FROM THE POLICE FILES AT BREMEN, GERMANY
JUNE 20 1936 - MURDER OF SOCIALITE FRAU
GOTTMANN BY HANS SCHMIDT BY FINGERPRINTS
ON THROAT--BUT HERR SCHMIDT WAS FOUND
TO HAVE DIED FIVE YEARS BEFORE THE CRIME.

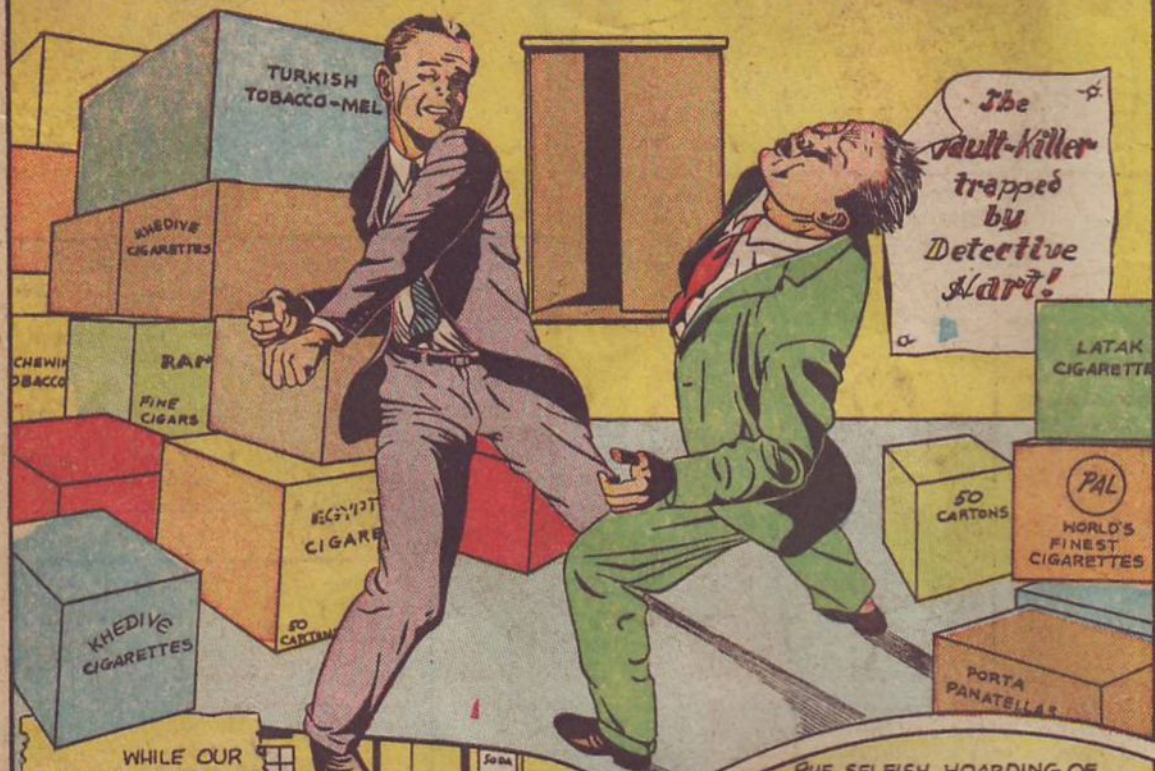


WHERE IS MOZART BURIED?

DIED VIENNA DEC. 5 1791. BUT
WHERE HIS BODY LIES NO ONE
KNOWS.

TED HART

DETECTIVE.

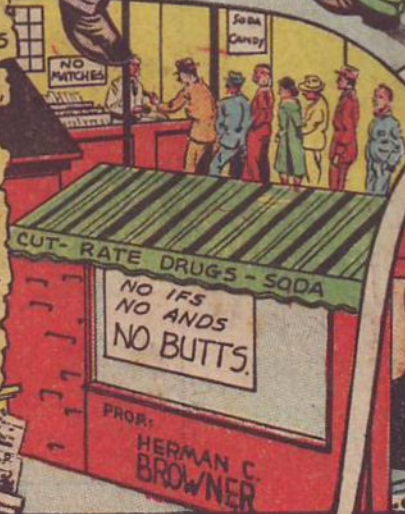


WHILE OUR COUNTRY STRUGGLES TO DEFEAT THE GANGSTER NATIONS,

BLACK-MARKET RACKETEERS ARE GROWING RICH.

THE MOUNTING DEMANDS OF OUR ARMED FORCES HAVE CAUSED TEMPORARY SHORTAGES OF GASOLINE, MEAT AND CIGARETTES--

NO CIGARETTES
Available!



THE SELFISH HOARDING OF SCARCE ITEMS HAS PLAYED INTO THE HANDS OF THE "BLACK MARKETEER", OF WHICH "BEEF" SPENCE IS ONE OF THE LARGEST AND MOST VICIOUS --

THE YOKEL WON'T TAKE A CHECK, BOSS.

GETTING WISE, EH? TELL HIM, FINGERS, TO CALL FOR THE CASH TOMORROW.



SPENCE'S WELL-ORGANIZED MOB HANDLED OTHER COMMODITIES BESIDES MEAT ---

WE'LL GET 15 CENTS A POUND FOR THIS SUGAR. SWEET, AIN'T IT, FINGERS?

BETTER DON'T LOAD THE SECOND TRUCK, BEEF. I HAD TO KNOCK OFF THE WATCHMAN.

SUGAR REFINERY



"BEEF" SPENCE ALSO DID QUITE A BUSINESS IN DRESSED POULTRY ---

SO YOU AREN'T SATISFIED WITH THE CEILING PRICES? O.K., PLAY WITH US AND YOU CAN NAME YOUR OWN PRICE. HAVE THEM READY BY 10 TONIGHT.



NEEDLESS TO SAY THAT A LOT OF ROUGH STUFF AND OCCASIONAL GUNPLAY ACCOMPANIED SPENCE'S RISE TO POWER-

EVER SEEN THIS MAN BEFORE, TIM?

YES, MR. HART. IT'S "CORN", ONE OF SPENCE'S MOBSTERS, TALKED TO HIM ONLY THIS MORNING. SAID HE WAS LEAVING TOWN.



AND WHEN THE SHORTAGE OF CIGARETTES BECAME ACUTE ---

-- WHY NOT, BOSS? WITH YOUR CONNECTIONS, IT OUTTA BE A CINCH!

SOUNDS GOOD TO ME, FINGERS. THEM COFFIN NAILS ARE EASIER TO HANDLE THAN CHUNKS OF BEEF-



O.K., FINGERS, LINE UP THE SUPPLY SOURCES. - WE'LL CHARGE \$2.50 OR \$5. A CARTON WHICH SHOULD MAKE IT A BETTER RACKET THAN PEDDLING NYLON HOSE.



BUT, FOR THE FIRST TIME, "BEEF" SPENCE RAN INTO UN-EXPECTED DIFFICULTIES-

DON'T BOTHER ME, JOE!

BUT, LISTEN, MARIO--NUMBER 4 REFUSES TO SELL. SAYS HE HAS A BETTER OFFER--SOMEBODY IS TRYING TO MUSCLE IN!



ALARMED, MARIO
RUSHES TO NUMBER 4-

YOU PUTTIN' THE SQUEEZE
ON US? YOU CAN'T DO IT.
I GOT WAYS OF DEALING
NITH DUNKS LIKE YOU!



SAVE YOUR BREATH.
I AIN'T SCARED. AND
IF YOU TRY ANY
OF YOUR TRICKS,
"BEEF" SPENCE
WILL TAKE CARE
OF YOU, SMALL FRY

A
SHORT
TIME
LATER...

MAYBE NUMBER 4
WAS JUST BLUFFING
TO GET A BETTER
PRICE --

NO, HE WASN'T.
BUT I AIN'T
LETTING THE
"BEEF" PUT
ME OUTTA
BUSINESS!



THAT'S AS FAR AS YOU GO,
BUD! COME OUT PEACEFUL-
LIKE AND YA WON'T GET
HURT!



O.K., GET INTO THE CAR. JOE
AND I WILL STOW THE TRUCK.
KEEP THEM AMUSED, MIKE, 'TIL
WE GET BACK.



MEANWHILE TIM DALE,
ROOKIE PATROLMAN, AND
TED HART MAKE THE ROUND

LOOK, TIM, OVER THERE.



BUT BEFORE JOE AND MARIO
RETURN TO RELIEVE MIKE ---

WELL, IF IT ISN'T MIKE,
MARIO'S TRIGGER-MAN.
HE'S DEAD, MR. HART!

THIS MAY TIE IN WITH
"CORNBY'S" DEMISE ON
THE PIER. -- WHAT'S
THIS ?!



WE WERE NOT SUPPOSED TO
FIND HIM. -- THE CAR? --
PROBABLY STOLEN -- COME
ON, WE GOT WORK TO DO!

LET THAT
BE A
WARNING
NOT TO
INTERFERE!



WITH HIS SOURCES OF SUPPLY DRYING UP RAPIDLY AND HIS CUSTOMERS DWINDLING AWAY FAST, "BUTT" MARIO IS AT THE END OF HIS ROPE.

WE ARE ALL WASHED UP, JOE, UNLESS WE WANNA GO IN FOR HIGH-JACKING OR--

NOPE, COUNT ME OUT. WE TRIED IT ONCE AND LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TO MIKE.

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT. THE "BEEF" IS BETTER ORGANIZED. -- WHY NOT WORK WITH HIM, INSTEAD OF TRYING TO BUCK HIS GORILLAS?



IN THE VENGEFUL, CUNNING MARIO'S MIND, A PLAN TAKES SHAPE --

YOU CAN TELL YOUR BUTLER TO PUT AWAY HIS ARTILLERY.

FINGERS! WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?



--SO THERE AIN'T NO USE STARTING OPEN WARFARE AND BRING IN THE COPS. INSPECTOR HART'S BEEN SNOOPING AROUND MY PLACE ASKING QUESTIONS ABOUT MIKE. -- SURE I COULD GIVE HIM A FEW POINTERS, BUT-- THAT'S NOT WHY I CAME --



AND THUS IT CAME ABOUT THAT THE TWO FORMER RIVALS BEGAN OPERATING AS A TEAM, ALTHOUGH EACH SECRETLY DISTRUSTED THE OTHER.

WHAT'S KEEPING MARIO AND JOE?

I'LL PHONE NUMBER 4 AND FIND OUT WHETHER HE GOT PAID OFF.



HELLO -- YES, SPENCE. I'M GLAD YOU CALLED. WHAT IS KEEPING YOUR PAY-OFF MAN? I CAN'T WAIT ALL NIGHT. -- O.K., I'LL BE RIGHT OVER AND PICK UP THE DOUGH.



WITH HART NOSEYING INTO MY AFFAIRS, THIS TOWN'S GETTING TOO HOT FOR ME. -- WHAT A BREAK THAT DOPE, SPENCE, GAVE ME. AN EXTRA 25 G'S WILL COME IN HANDY.



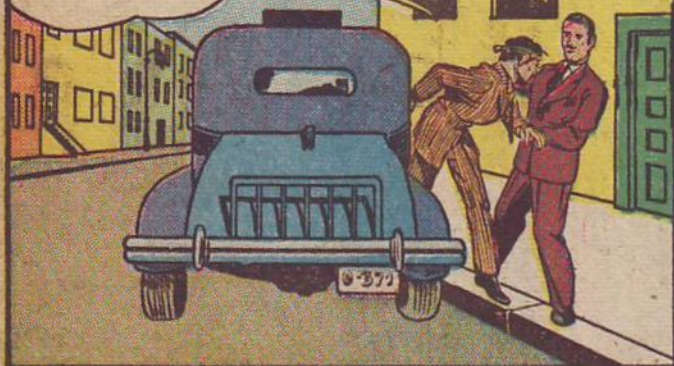
WHILE NUMBER 4 COLLECTS HIS MONEY A SECOND TIME --



HOURS
LATER--

I WONDER
WHAT NUMBER 4
WAS UP TO --

STOP WORRYING. YOUR HEAD
NEEDS ATTENTION. I'LL
CALL SPENCE FROM
YOUR PLACE.



GOING
SOMEWHERE,
MARIO?

YEAH,
WHAT'S IT
TO YOU?



BLOWING
TOWN WITH
THE "BEEF'S"
25 G's ---



DON'T BE A FOOL, FINGERS! PUT
YOUR GUN DOWN! NUMBER 4---

SNEAKING UP FROM
BEHIND, EH? ---
TAKE THAT, YOU
DOUBLE-CROSSING RAT!



AFTER THE KILLING OF JOE, "FINGERS"
BROUGHT MARIO TO "BEEF" SPENCE ---

FINGERS, PUT THAT GAT AWAY. HAVEN'T YOU
CAUSED ENOUGH TROUBLE? IT WAS ALL A
TERRIBLE MISTAKE, MARIO. COME DOWN TO
MY VAULT, I'LL GIVE YOU SOME SOOTHING
MONEY ---



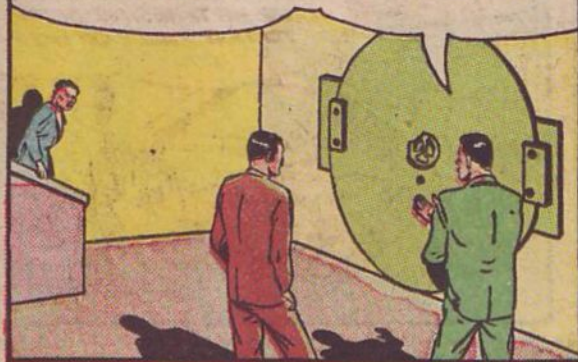
I TOLD YOU TO
TAKE THE 25'
GRAND AND
BLOW!

BAH, CHICKENFEED,
JOE. MY PLANS
CALL FOR MANY
TIMES THAT AMOUNT.
ALL I NEED'S A LITTLE
MORE TIME TO GAIN
THE "BEEF'S" CONFIDENCE.
ONCE HE TAKES ME DOWN
TO THAT VAULT OF HIS--



MOMENTARILY OFF HIS GUARD BY THE SLAYING OF JOE, SPENCE, FOR THE FIRST TIME, TAKES MARIO INTO HIS FAMOUS VAULT ---

--AND HERE AMONG OTHER THINGS, I KEEP THE CASH WITH WHICH I RUN THE BUSINESS.... FIRE, WATER AND SOUND-PROOF! NEAT, EH?



BUT ONCE MARIO WAS INSIDE THE VAULT ---

THIS IS THE MOMENT I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR. **REACH, BOYS!**



THIS IS FOR PUSHING ME AROUND AND FOR KILLING MIKE!



BEFORE THE SURPRISED FINGERS COULD GET HIS GUN OUT, MARIO HAS TURNED ON HIM.

AND HERE'S THE PAY-OFF FOR KILLING MY PAL JOE!



AND POOR JOE WANTED ME TO TAKE A RUN-OUT WITH A MEASLY 25 GRAND!



PUSHING "FINGER'S" BODY ASIDE, MARIO TRIES TO LEAVE THE VAULT ---

I CAN'T OPEN THIS DOOR --- I'M TRAPPED!

AFTER SEVERAL HOURS OF FRANTIC SEARCH FOR A POSSIBLE HIDDEN SPRING --- PANIC SEIZES MARIO ---

THERE'S NO WAY OUT! THIS COFFIN IS AIRTIGHT, TOO! I EITHER SUFFOCATE OR STARVE TO DEATH --- HO --- A PHONE --- I AM SAVED!

HOWEVER, BEFORE HE USES HIS ONLY MEANS OF ESCAPE, THE CUNNING MARIO SETS THE SCENE ---

I'LL SHUT THE SAFE AND TELL THE COPS "BEEF" AND "FINGERS" BROUGHT ME DOWN TO KILL ME. I ACTED IN SELF-DEFENCE ---

--YEAH--AT SPENCE'S PLACE -- IN THE VAULT-- O.K, I'LL KEEP AWAY FROM THE DOOR, IN CASE YOU HAVE TO BLAST YOUR WAY IN-- --HURRY!

IT TOOK THE POLICE 2 HOURS TO GET MARIO OUT OF THE VAULT ---

YOU SAY SPENCE TRICKED YOU. WAS THE SAFE OPEN?

NO, HE NEVER GOT NEAR IT.

MEANWHILE, THE DYING "FINGERS" HAS REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS ---

EASY -- THE AMBULANCE WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE.

WON'T DO ME MUCH GOOD, COPPER. MARIO'S A FOOL! THE VAULT DOOR OPENS BY ITSELF 24 HOURS AFTER IT HAS BEEN SHUT --- IN CASE OF ACCIDENT.

YOUR STORY WON'T WASH, MARIO. IT'S THE CHAIR FOR YOU. MY MEN JUST FOUND YOUR SWEATY FINGER-PRINTS ALL OVER THE MONEY AND OVER THE INSIDE OF THE SAFE. "FINGERS" TELLS US: IF YOU HAD ONLY WAITED A WHILE LONGER, THE DOOR WOULD HAVE OPENED AUTOMATICALLY AND SET YOU FREE!

DEBUNKER



SUBMARINES WERE
USED FIRST IN WORLD
WAR I.
NO! FIRST USED IN 1776
AND CALLED "TURTLES."

A SNAKE-CHARMER'S MUSIC
CHARMS A SNAKE.



A SNAKE IS NOT AFFECTED BY LOW-
PITCHED NOTES. NATURALISTS SAY
SOUNDS OF HIGH PITCH DO NOT
CHARM IT, BUT AROUSE ITS CURIOSITY.



THE
PURPLE FINCH
IS NOT PURPLE
IN COLOR BUT PINK.

LEAVES ON TREES TURN COLOR BECAUSE OF THE
FROST WHICH FORMS ON THEM.

NO! LESS SUNSHINE, LOWER TEMPERATURES, AND CHANGES IN SOIL
CONDITIONS CHANGE THE COLORING. THIS CAN HAPPEN BEFORE THE FROST.

THE MARRIAGE OF DIFFERENT RACES PRODUCE IMPERFECT STOCK?

THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY FOUND IN THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS THE INBREEDING OF ENGLISH AND POLYNESIANS- AN UNUSUALLY PERFECT STOCK.



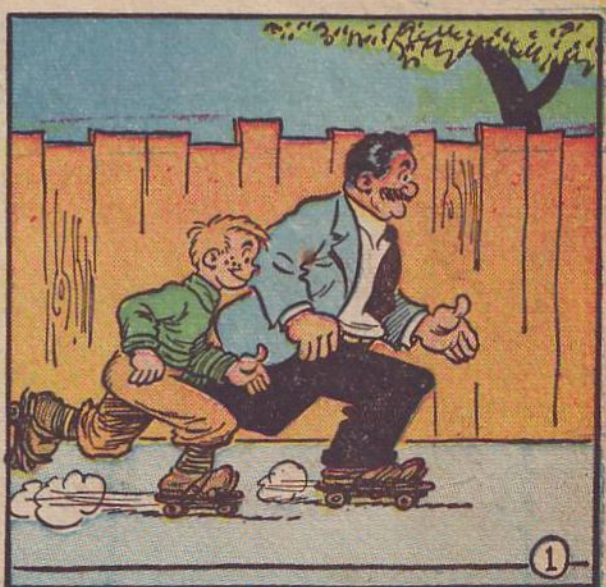
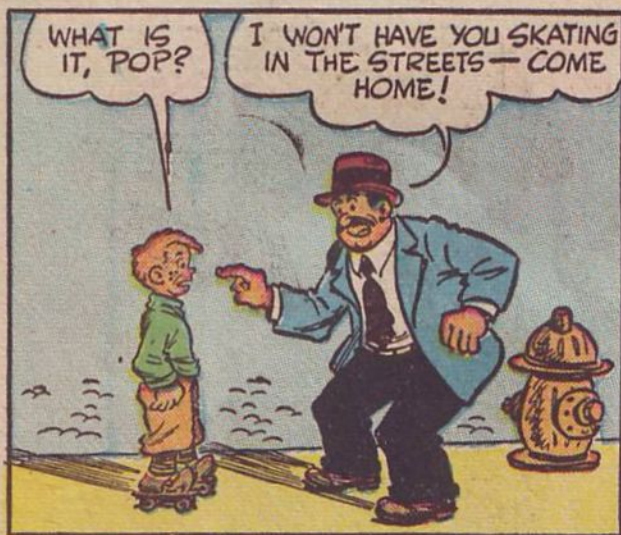
TULIPS ARE A NATIVE PLANT OF HOLLAND?

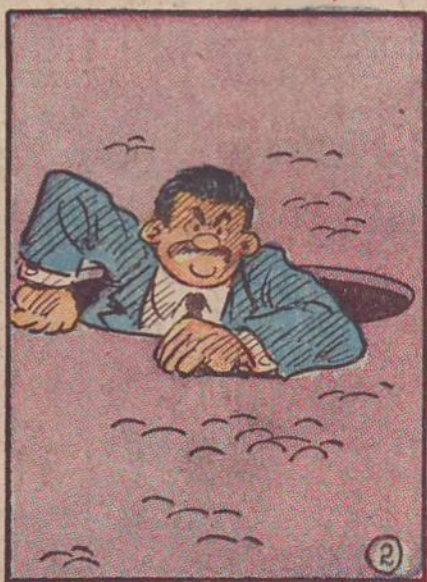
NO. THEY CAME FROM ASIA - INTRODUCED INTO HOLLAND IN THE 16TH CENTURY.

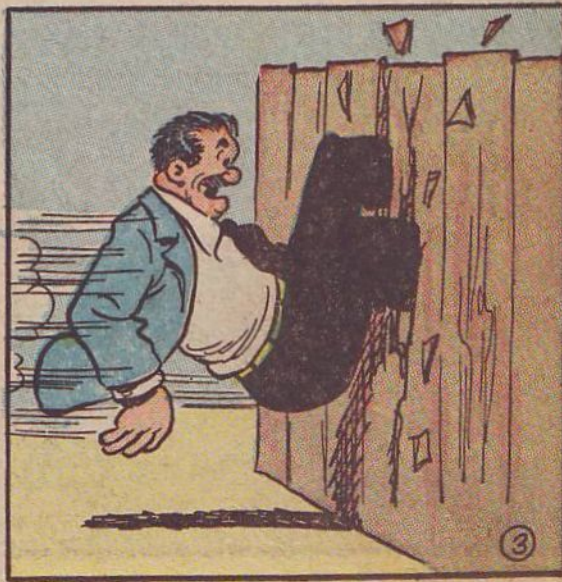
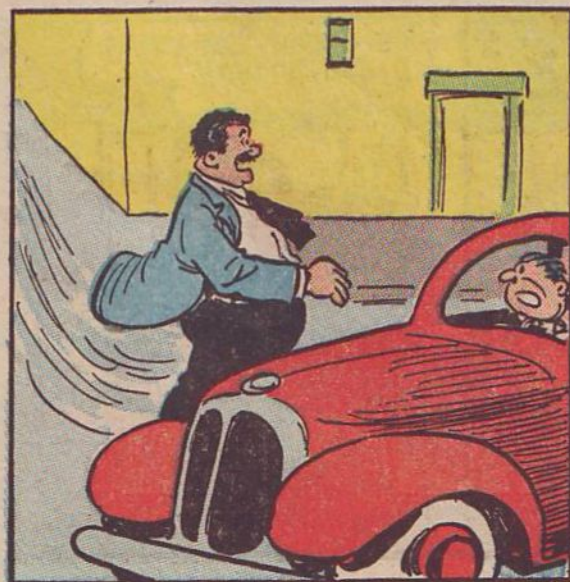
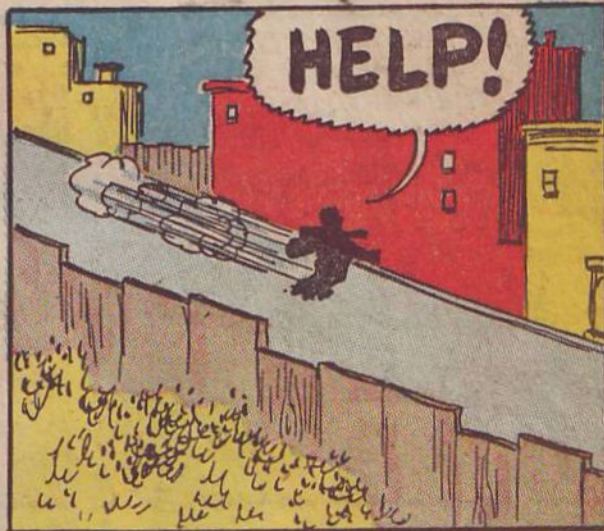
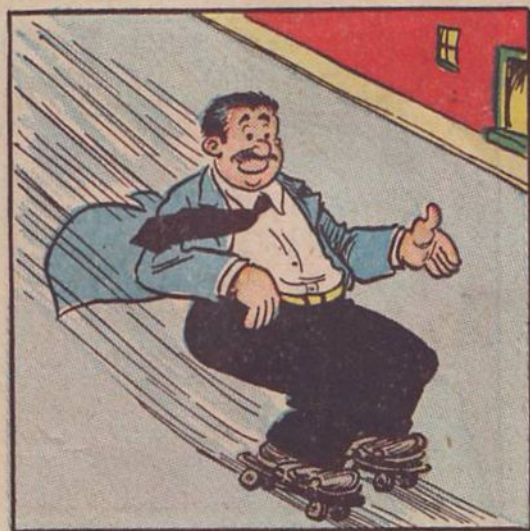
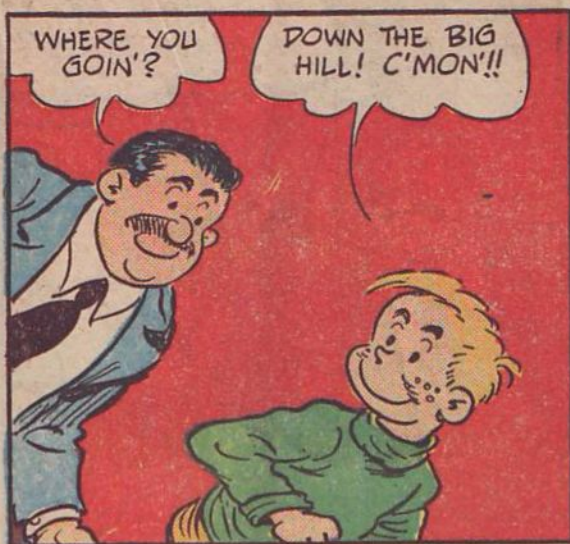


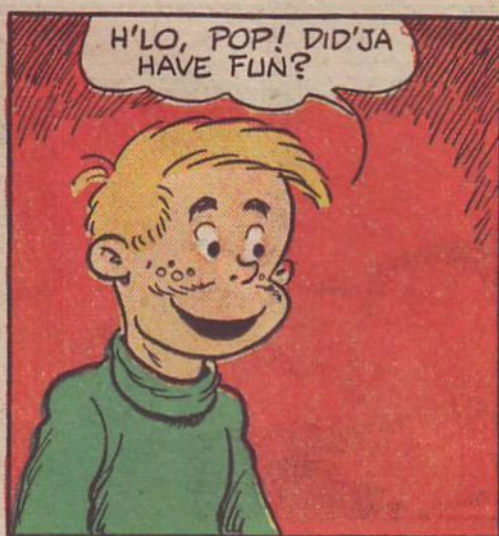
BAGPIPES ORIGINATED IN SCOTLAND
NO-IT HAS BEEN TRACED
BACK TO ANCIENT PERSIA
AND IS STILL PLAYED
THERE.

PETEY AND POP by -SWIS-









BOXIE WEAVER

By
INK
HIGGINS

THE DAY BEFORE BOXIE WEAVER, WORLD CHAMPION, FIGHTS IRON MAN BARR.

THE WISE BOYS
ARE GIVING TEN TO
ONE THAT YOU KNOCK
OUT IRON BARR.

THEY OVER-RATE
ME, EVEN THOUGH
I'M SURE OF BEAT-
ING IRON MAN.



SUDDENLY, ACE, BOXIE'S
MANAGER, DRIVES UP.

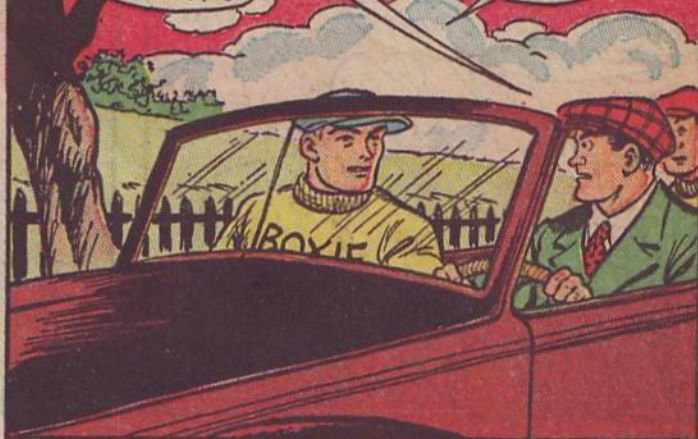
HOP IN, BOXIE.
I'VE GOT
STARTLING
NEWS!

WHAT
ABOUT?



THE BOXING COMMISSIONER
WANTS TO SEE US IN A
HURRY!

WONDER
WHY!



AT THE OFFICE OF THE BOXING
COMMISSIONER ---

YOU WANTED
TO SEE US,
COMMISSIONER?

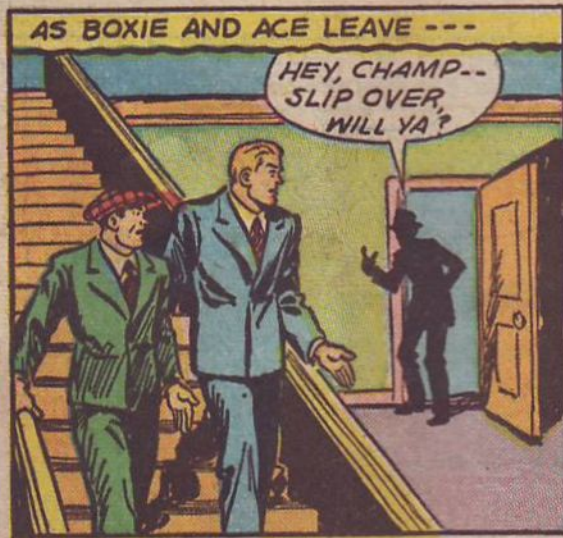
YES, WE'VE GOT
SOMETHING NASTY
TO TELL YOU!



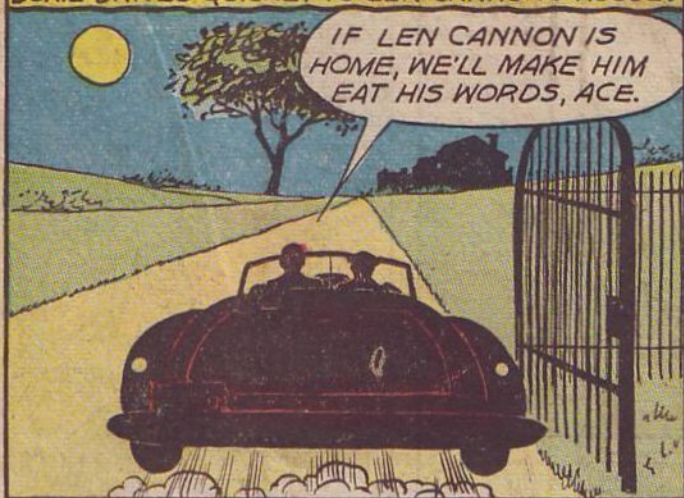
I HAVE A TIP, ACE --- THAT
YOU AND BOXIE ARE BETTING
AGAINST YOURSELVES!

WHAT?

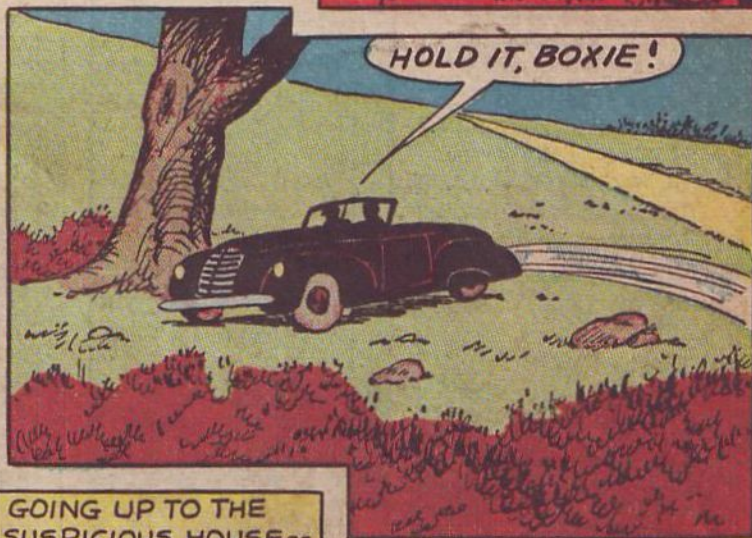
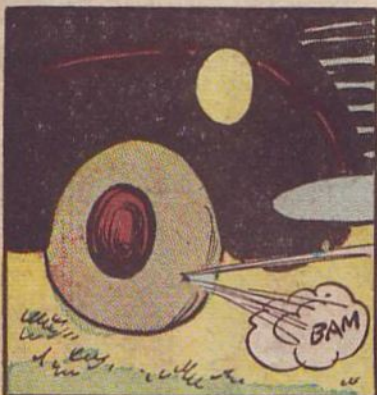




BOXIE DRIVES QUICKLY TO LEN CANNON'S HOUSE.



THEN, DIRECTLY IN THE PATH OF BOXIE'S CAR ---



BOXIE FIGHTS THE CAR TO A STOP.



GOING UP TO THE SUSPICIOUS HOUSE--



CHANGING THE TIRE, BOXIE GOES HOME FOR SOME NEEDED REST.



BUT AS BOXIE FALLS ASLEEP ---



WH-WHAT? WHO COULD IT BE?



HELLO---HELLO--FUNNY, NOBODY ANSWERS. I'M GOING BACK TO SLEEP.



BUT BOXIE'S SLUMBERS ARE INTERRUPTED A THIRD TIME ---

BUT AS SOON AS BOXIE DOZES OFF AGAIN, THE PHONE RINGS.



HELLO--HELLO--DARN IT! I'M GOING TO LEAVE THE HOOK OFF.

FIRE!
FIRE!!



OUTSIDE ---

WHAT A NIGHT BEFORE THE FIGHT!

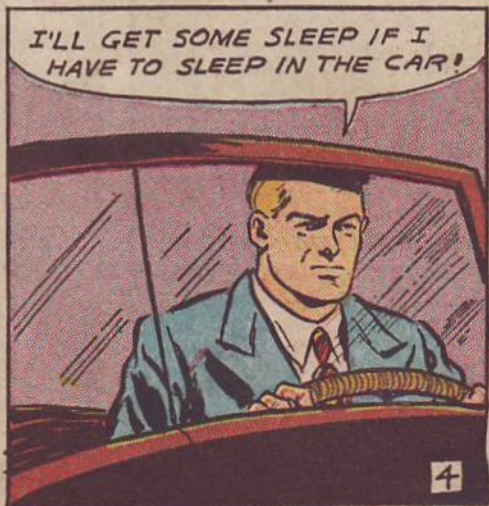


THAT WAS NO FIRE. SOMEBODY SET OUT SOME SMUDGE POTS IN THE HALL!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA. IT WAS TO KEEP ME FROM GETTING REST AND SLEEP.



I'LL GET SOME SLEEP IF I HAVE TO SLEEP IN THE CAR!



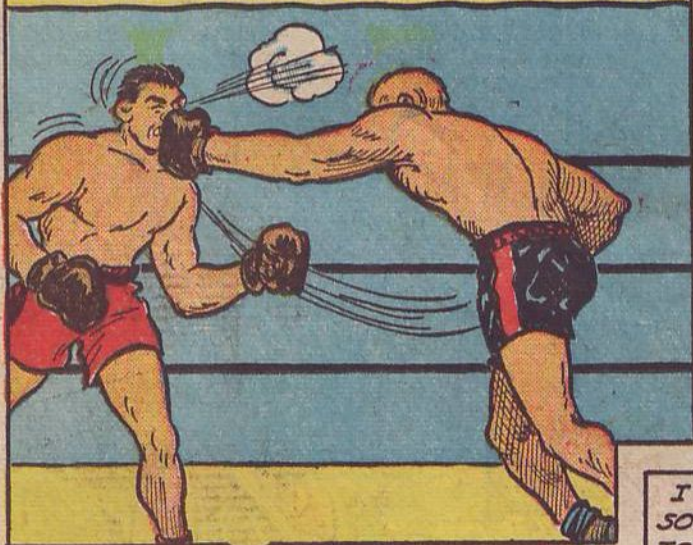
THE NEXT DAY--THE FIGHT WITH IRON MAN BARR---

BOXIE AIN'T GOT NO STEAM TONIGHT!

HE DIDN'T SLEEP MUCH LAST NIGHT!



AGAIN AND AGAIN, BOXIE HIT IRON MAN BARR, WHO DOESN'T SEEM TO SHOW ANY ILL EFFECTS.



BOXIE HARDLY WAITS FOR THE COUNT OF TEN BEFORE HE IS OUT OF THE RING AND INTO THE PRESS SECTION

I'M WISE TO YOU, LIP... YOU'RE THE ONE WHO TOLD THE LIES TO THE COMMISSION AND TRIED TO KILL MY REST SO I WOULD LOSE THE FIGHT. AFTER THE FIRE, I WENT OUT TO LEN CANNON AGAIN. I FIGURED HE DID IT---



LEN CANNON SHOWED ME THAT HE BET HIS LAST CENT ON ME, THAT THE \$5,000. YOU PREVIOUSLY BET ON ME, YOU NOW BET AGAINST ME AT 1-10. YOU THOUGHT YOU WOULD MAKE \$50,000!



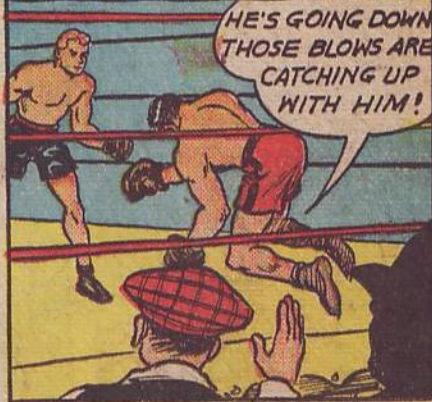
FIFTH ROUND, BOXIE, -- CAN'T YOU TAG HIM?

I DO, BUT HE WON'T FALL DOWN!



THEN IN THE LAST ROUND--

HE'S GOING DOWN THOSE BLOWS ARE CATCHING UP WITH HIM!



I COULD HAVE HAD YOU ARRESTED SOONER, BUT I WANTED YOU HERE TONIGHT TO SEE YOURSELF LOSE YOUR MONEY ON IRON MAN BARR--- NOT THAT YOU'LL NEED MONEY WHERE YOU'RE GOING --- IN JAIL!



ALI-BABA

THIS DIAMOND I TOOK
FROM THAT LOW-DOWN CROOK
IS THE BIGGEST I'VE EVER SEEN.
MY WIFE WILL BE GLAD OF THE
NERVE I HAD TO BOUNCE
HIM ON HIS

BEAN--

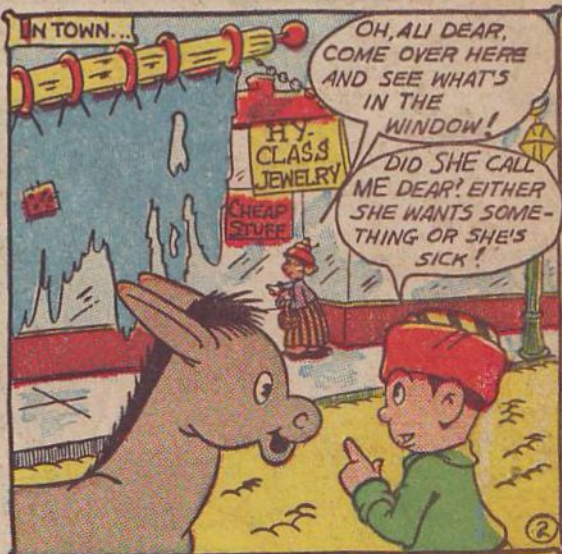
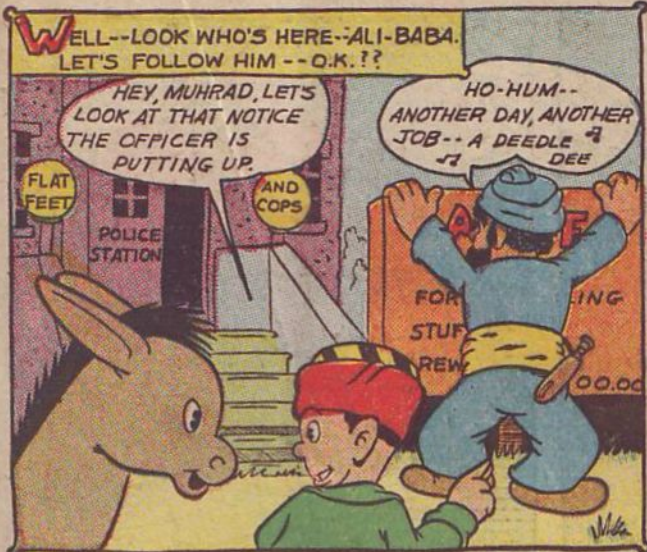
TWEET!
TWEET!

-Z-Z-Z-

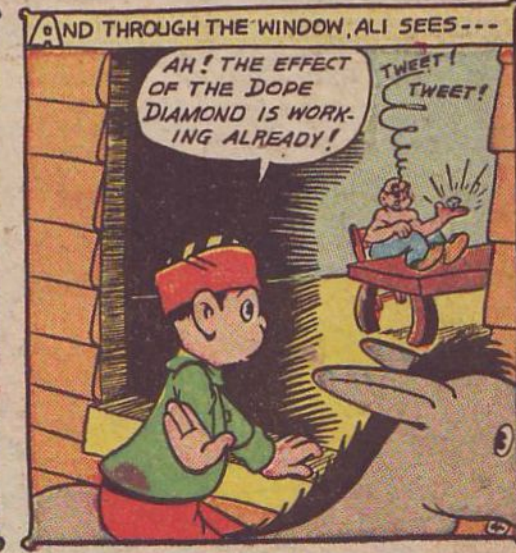
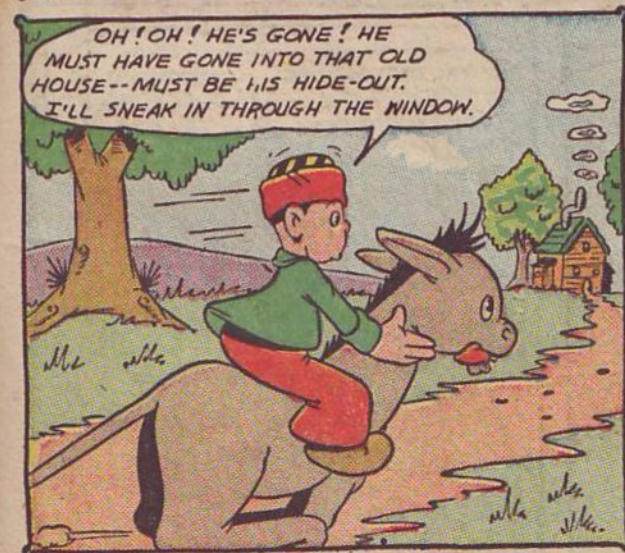
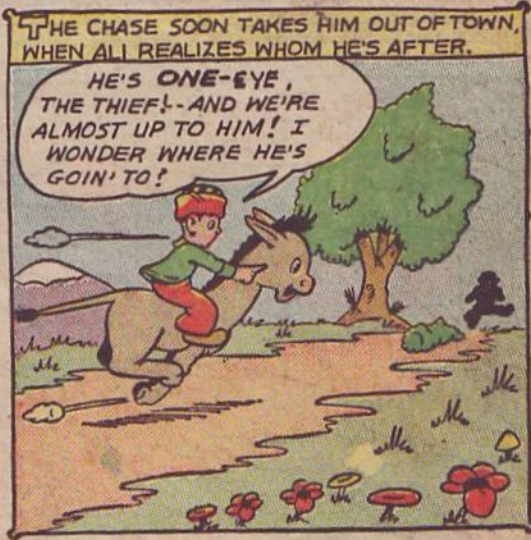
ALI MAY BE
DREAMING NOW--BUT
LET'S SEE ABOUT
THIS DIAMOND
BUSINESS WHEN
HE'S AWAKE ----

Illustrated by
HARRY
LAZARUS

(2)







AH, I SEE YOU'VE COME FOR THE DIAMOND. PLEASE COME IN--PLEASE DO.

BOY, THIS IS EASY--HE'S REALLY DOPEY FROM THAT DIAMOND.

TWEET!
TWEET!

THANK YOU VERY MUCH, SIR!

THINK NOTHING OF IT, MY BOY---COME AGAIN---ANYTIME.

JUST THEN THE EFFECT OF THE DIAMOND WEARS OFF THE THIEF---AS ALI GOES UNDER ITS SPELL.

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOIN', SHRIMP?

WHO ME??

TWEET!
TWEET!

GOSH, WAS I GOING SOMEWHERE, HUH?

A WISE GUY, HUH? - GIMME DAT DIAMOND!

IF THAT'S ALL YOU WANT, JUST TAKE IT, SIR.

SHADDAP! AND STOP HOLDING THAT TABLE--AND PUT IT ON TOP OF IT!

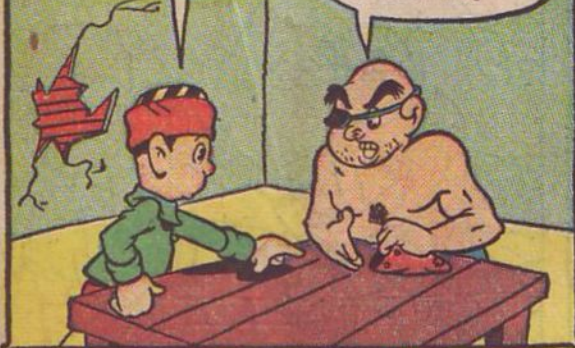
EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT I'M NOT HOLDING THE TABLE---THE TABLE IS HOLDING ME!

I SAID SHADDAP!! I GOT WORK TO DO!

AS THE EFFECT WEARS OFF, ALI MAKES AN OBSERVATION----

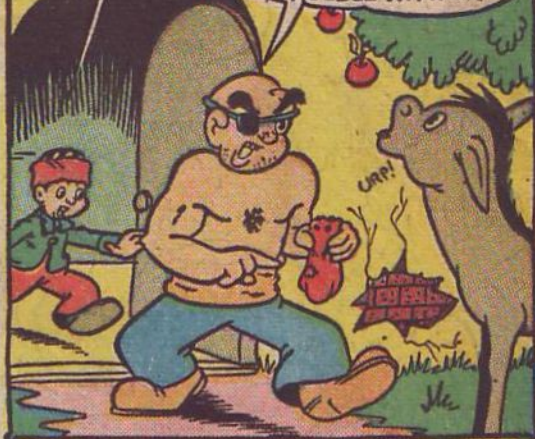
HEY, WHATCHA DOIN' WITH THE DIAMOND? DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S NOT NICE TO STEAL?

IT'S IN THE BAG, BROTHER... IN THE BAG-- JUST FOLLOW ME.



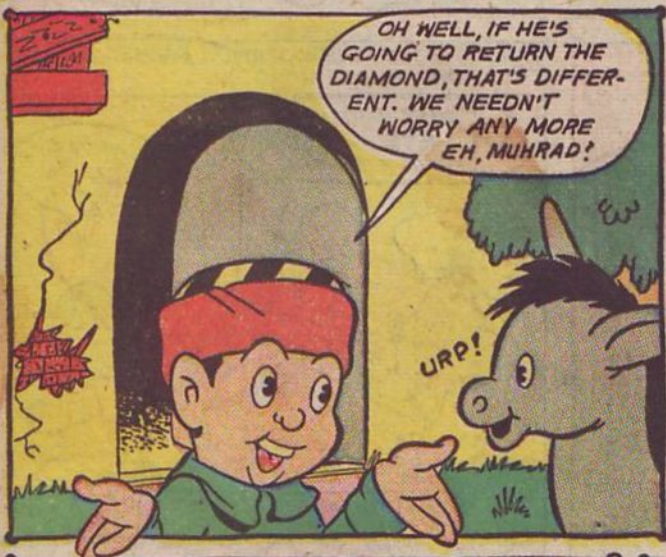
HEY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

I'M GOIN' TO RETURN THIS *?*! *?* DIAMOND! I'VE HAD ENOUGH TROUBLE WITH IT.



OH WELL, IF HE'S GOING TO RETURN THE DIAMOND, THAT'S DIFFERENT. WE NEEDN'T WORRY ANY MORE EH, MUHRAD?

URP!

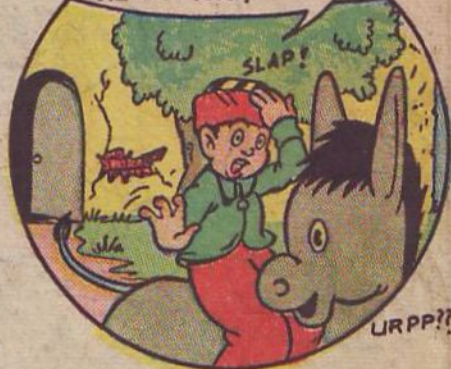


BUT AS ALI MOUNTS MUHRAD, SOMETHING CLICKS WITHIN HIS HEAD----

OMIGOSH, MUHRAD, I FORGOT! IF HE RETURNS THE DIAMOND, WE DON'T GET THE REWARD. WHAT'LL WE DO NOW?

SLAP!

URPP??



INASMUCH AS ALI ASKED MUHRAD WHAT TO DO,---- MUHRAD HEADS STRAIGHT FOR THE THIEF ----

MUHRAD! HAVE YOU GONE NUTS? WHATCHA GONNA DO?

BOY, IT'S SO PEACEFUL OUT HERE

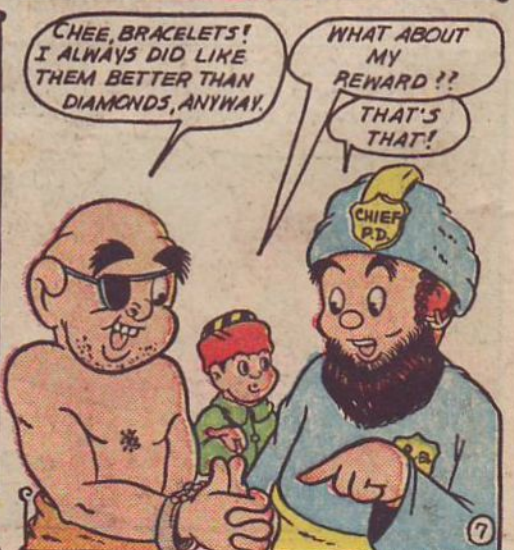
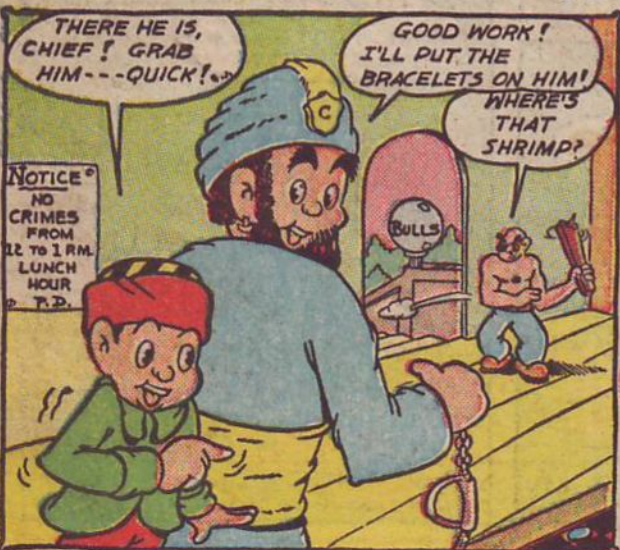
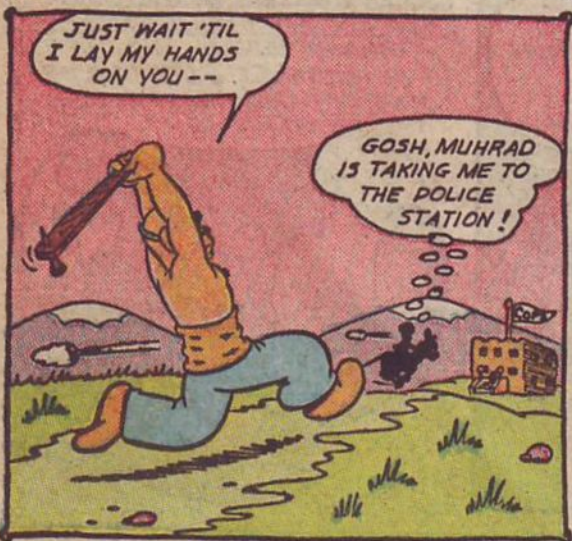
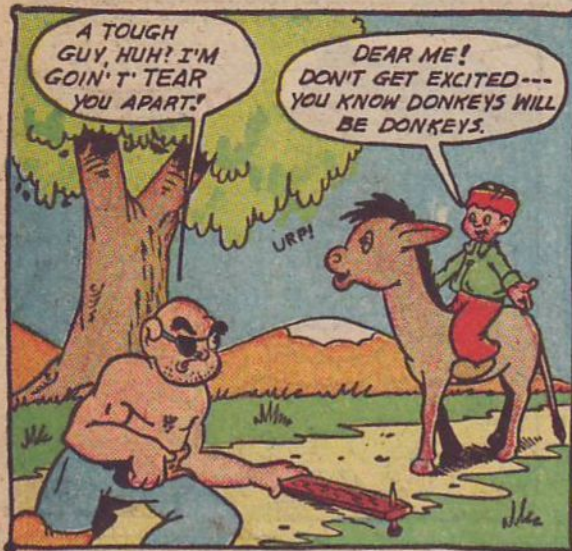


OH, OH! NOW WE'RE IN FOR IT---I'M AFRAID TO LOOK!

YEAH!!

CRACK!







"Dopey" Leads to Soldier's Reunion

Jimmy walked down the street whistling. He had on a bright red cap. His shoes clicked on the pavement in front of Mr. Small's butcher shop.

"Good morning!" he cried gaily to Mr. Small who stood by the window hanging up links of sausage. Mr. Small waved back at him and shouted something which Jimmy couldn't understand.

"I beg your pardon?" shouted Jimmy politely. Again Mr. Small shouted something. So Jimmy, knowing that the butcher had to sing bass in the Church choir and should not strain his voice, opened the door of the shop and walked in.

"I'm sorry I didn't hear you," he said. "What were you calling to me?" Mr. Small smiled and pointed to the sausages.

NO PUPPY

"Please be so kind as to wait a minute," he said. "Dopey must have run back home when I wasn't looking." Mr. Small smiled and answered that he would certainly wait and save a sausage for the puppy.

So Jimmy ran back on to the street and sped home. Up the walk he went and up the stairs.

"Mother!" he called, when he had shut the door carefully behind him. "Have you seen Dopey?"

"My goodness," said his mother, wiping her hands as she came out of the kitchen. "has that dog disappeared again?"

FRESH

But there was certainly no kind of dog anywhere in the school yard. He looked behind the big elm tree. Nothing. He looked under the dried branches of the box hedges. Not a sign of anything.

Jimmy was beginning to get a little worried. Not really worried, of course, but just a little anxious. This had never happened before. Dopey had always been somewhere.

Walking a little faster, he went down the street, calling. There were dogs to be seen, of course, but none of them even looked like a little brown puppy with white spots over his eyes and big floppy ears.

"I only asked you if you would like a sausage for your puppy," he said.

"I certainly would," answered Jimmy eagerly. "He's right outside. Please wait a minute and I'll call him." Quickly he opened the door of the butcher shop and ran to the sidewalk. He looked all around, but there was certainly no puppy to be found.

"Dopey!" he called, looking all around. No answer. Not even the faintest little whine which Dopey always made when he had playfully run away and hidden himself.

Jimmy ran back to the butcher shop and, opening the door halfway, called in to Mr. Small.

So Jimmy, putting his cap back on his head, wandered back outside. He blinked as he walked down the stairs, and then he caught back the tears. He was the man of the family, he remembered, and the head of the family doesn't cry. When his father would come back from the Pacific — his father whom he hadn't seen since he was three years old—maybe then he could cry a little, if he wanted to. But he squared his shoulders and walked down the path.

"Dopey!" he called. "Dopey! Dopey!" No puppy showed himself anywhere. He decided he would walk down the street to the schoolhouse, where Dopey liked to dig.

Up a way were several of the big boys playing. He ran up to them.

"Have you seen a little brown puppy with white spots over his eyes and big, floppy ears?" he called to them. "His name is Dopey."

"Dopey? Ha-ha-ha," snorted one of the big boys. "Look who's talking. You're dopey yourself, you little squirt!" He scooped up a handful of sand.

"Here, Dopey," he shouted, "this one is on me!" And he put his arm back and threw the sand. It landed right on Jimmy's neck and face.

"Oh!" he cried and he began to run. But the other bullies became enthusiastic over the success of their leader. They all bent down to scoop up sand.

RAN AWAY FROM BULLIES

"Hey there, Dopey," they yelled. "Try this one!" They all threw their sand. Some of it hit Jimmy, whose short legs could hardly run faster than the boys could throw. In spite of every bit of will power he had, the discomfort of the sand in his eyes and back and the loss of Dopey were combining to make him a very unhappy little boy. Tears were beginning to come into his eyes and he did his best to stop a sob—just a little one.

Running and running, he finally made his way out of range of the bullies. By this time, he could control himself no longer and the tears were running freely down his cheeks. There was nothing else to do but give in, he wept to himself. So he sat down in a doorway and sadly muffled his face in his hands.

"I suppose you have something in your

eye, son?"

Jimmy looked up, startled. In front of him stood a soldier with a smile on his face. Jimmy sniffed the rest of the tears back into his nose.

"No, sir," he gulped.

"Then what is the trouble?" asked the soldier, still smiling.

"I-I-I can't find my puppy," whispered Jimmy, standing up and wiping the sand off his clothes.

"Well," said the soldier, "we'll just have to find him, I guess."

"We?" asked Jimmy. "Gee, would you help me?"

"Of course," said the soldier, taking him by the hand, "I certainly can't let the home front down." Jimmy smiled and promptly walked down the street beside his military friend.

DOPEY EATING SAUSAGE

They looked everywhere. They looked in the church yard and behind the vegetable market. They peered into the coal yard and into Mr. Wilson's garden. They walked up streets and down streets, up avenues and down avenues. But there was no little brown dog to be seen anywhere at all. Jimmy's heart sank lower and lower. But every time the soldier patted him on the shoulder.

"Don't give up," he warned, "he's sure to be somewhere." So Jimmy sucked in his lower lip hard and found new hope.

"Dopey!" he kept calling. "Dopey! Please come back!" And then, suddenly . . .

"Why, isn't that a little brown dog with floppy ears?" asked the soldier, looking into a shop window.

"Why- why- it is! It certainly is!" cried Jimmy happily. He opened the door and rushed in. And there, happily eating sausage, was Dopey! And, of all places in Mr. Small's butcher shop!

"I saw him outside alone," smiled Mr. Small, "so I asked him in."

"Thank you ever so much," grinned Jimmy hugging the puppy to him. The soldier grinned and, taking Jimmy's hand, he walked out into the street with him.

"I'm going this way, and thank you a million times," said Jimmy, holding Dopey tightly.

"So am I," said the soldier, "I'll just walk along with you." So they walked up the street together. When they reached Jimmy's house, he stopped to say goodbye.

"Well, thanks again," he said.

"But I'm going in here too," said the soldier, looking at Jimmy strangely. Jimmy's mouth was wide open as they walked into the house together.

"Mother! Oh, Mother, I found Dopey. And there's someone here to see," called the little boy. His mother came out of the kitchen wiping her hands on her apron.

"Who is it?" she asked as she came toward him. And then as she looked at the soldier, her mouth opened wide.

"Jim!" she cried, "it's you! You've come home at last! Weeping, she ran toward the soldier and fell into his arms. He reached down, smiling, and took both of them around.

"It's your father, Jimmy," his mother sobbed, happily. "No wonder you didn't know him. You were only a baby when he went away."

And Jimmy looked down wonderingly at his frolicking little dog.

"Gee," he said wonderingly, "and if Dopey hadn't been lost we would never have known Dad was here!"



Magic Tricks

FOR YOUNG AND OLD

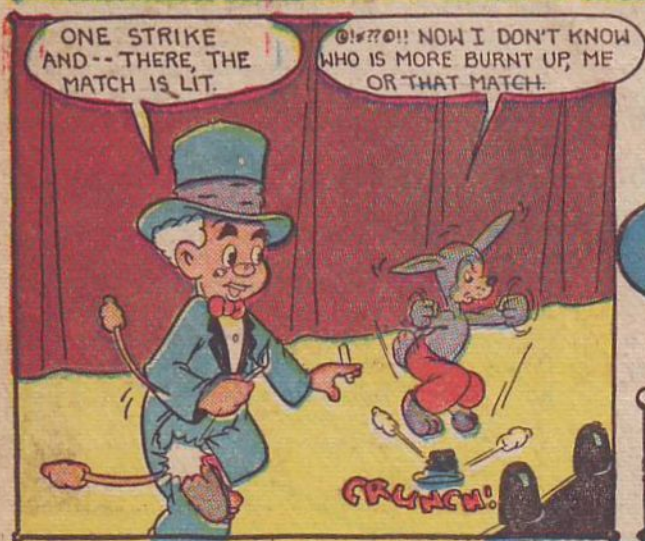
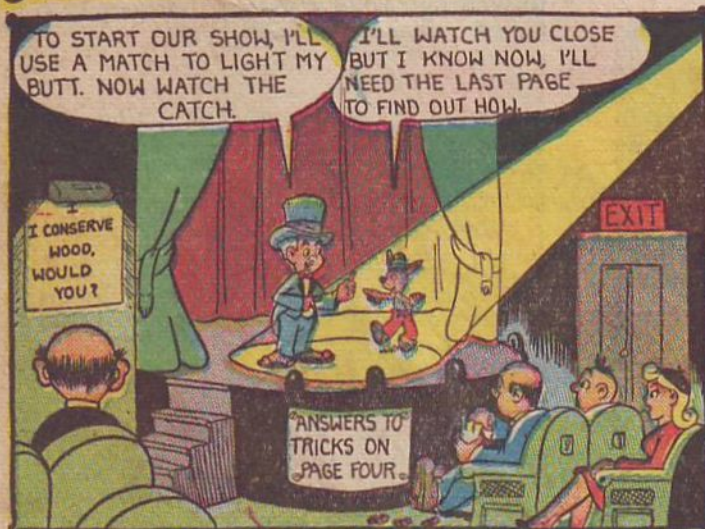


PROFESSOR PRESTO



ASSISTANT STOGIE

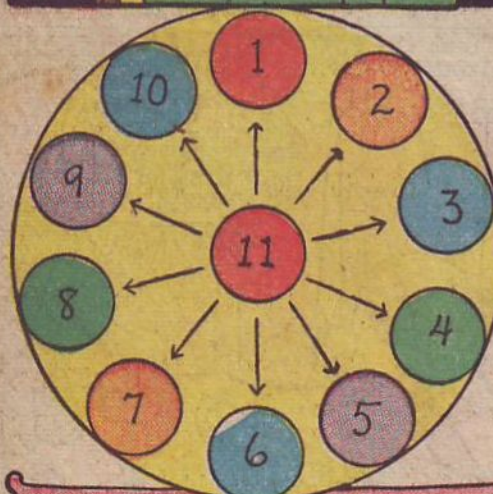
STARRING
PROFESSOR PRESTO AND STOGIE
DIRECTED AND PRODUCED
BY
HARRY LAZARUS



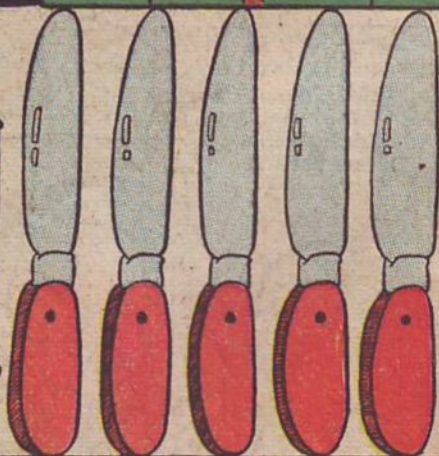


PUZZLE?? PAGE

WELL, FOLKS, HERE'S SOME FUN FOR YOU-- CUT OUT THESE TWO CARDS AND PASTE THEM ON A CARDBOARD OF SAME SIZE-- THEN CUT APART ON DOTTED LINE AND REARRANGE THEM AS YOU WOULD A JIG-SAW PUZZLE-- YOU'LL SEE!--

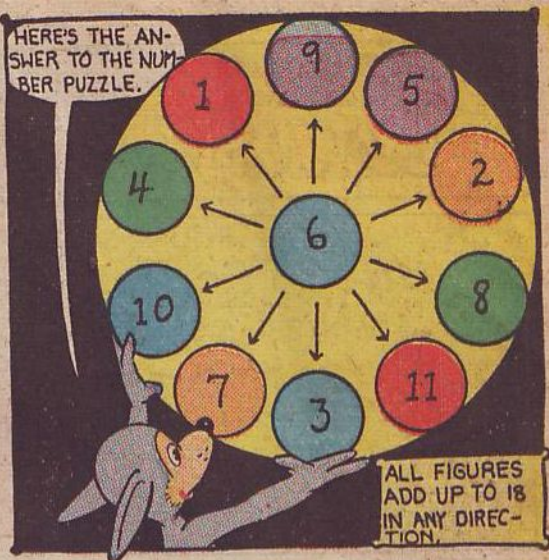
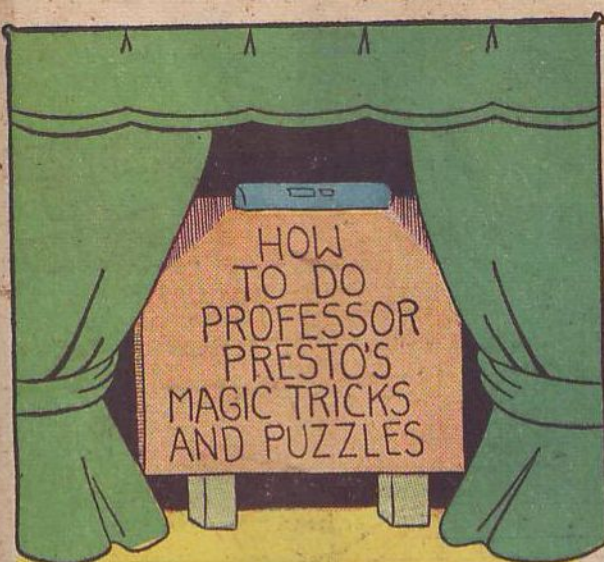


ALL
ANSWERS
TO TRICKS
AND
PUZZLES
ON NEXT
PAGE



REARRANGE ABOVE NUMBERS SO THAT ANY THREE NUMBERS IN A STRAIGHT LINE ADD TO 18.

TAKE 5 KITCHEN KNIVES AND ARRANGE THEM SO ALL 5 CAN BE PICKED UP BY HOLDING ONE HANDLE--NONE OF THE HANDLES MUST TOUCH EACH OTHER.



AND THE FLAME NEVER TRAVELS TO THE CIGARETTE. ALL YOU DO BEFORE STARTING IS--LIGHT UNDER PART OF CIGARETTE ABOUT $\frac{1}{2}$ INCH FROM END--THEN, WHEN YOU HOLD LIT END DOWN, IT LOOKS UNLIT UNTIL YOU PUFF ON IT, THEN LIGHT WILL COME TO END OF IT.



SCREWY SAMMY

FIVE POUNDS
OF PEANUTS —
THAT'LL BE FOR
THE MONKEYS

FRUITS
AND
VEGETABLES

SEVEN BUNCHES OF
CARROTS FOR THE
ELEPHANTS —

SIRLOIN STEAKS
FOR THE LIONS
AND TIGERS —

— AND A BUSHEL
OF POTATOES OUGHTA
TAKE CARE OF A
COUPLE OF HUNGRY
BEARS..

POTATOES
1ST BUSH.

NOW I'M
ALL SET..

AH
HA!

WELL
I'LL BE A
MONKEY'S
UNCLE
!!

DO NOT FEED
THE ANIMALS
PENALTY.
\$100 FINE OR ONE
YEAR IN JAIL
OR BOTH.

TO THE
ZOO

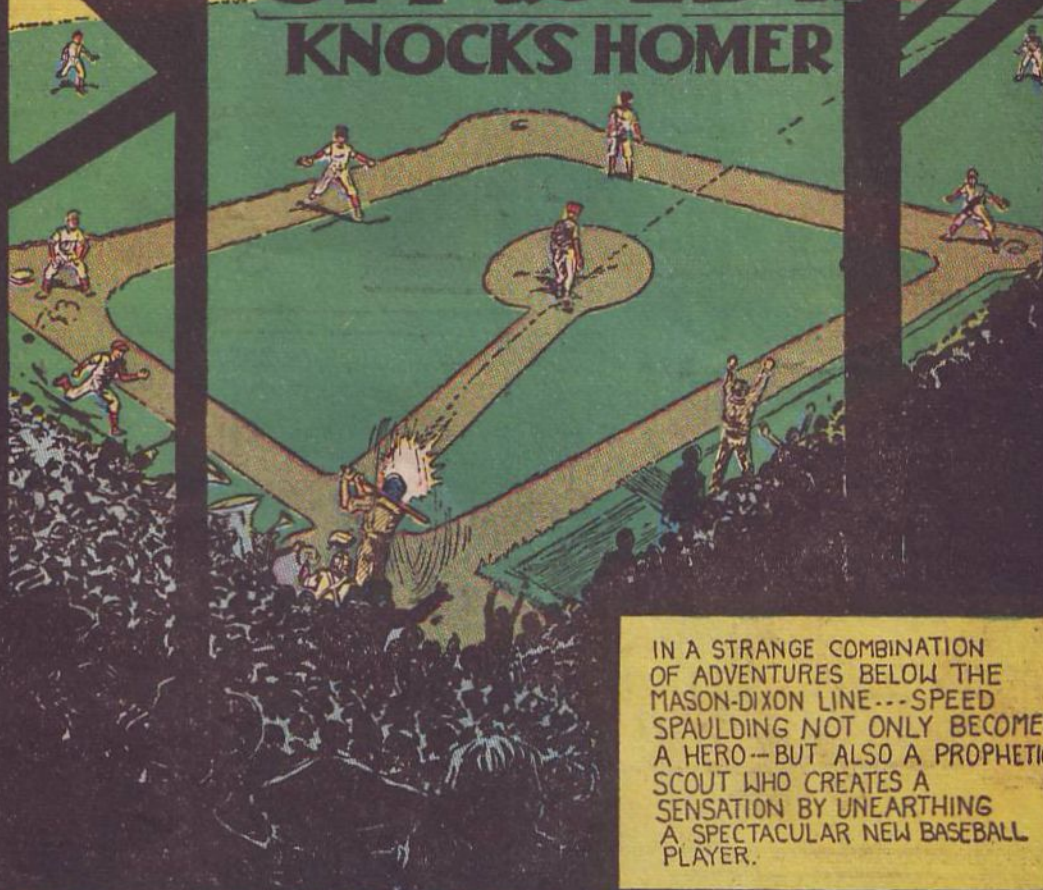
ZOO

PLOP!

ART
HELFBANT

SPEED SPAULDING

KNOCKS HOMER



IN A STRANGE COMBINATION OF ADVENTURES BELOW THE MASON-DIXON LINE---SPEED SPAULDING NOT ONLY BECOMES A HERO---BUT ALSO A PROPHETIC SCOUT WHO CREATES A SENSATION BY UNEARTHING A SPECTACULAR NEW BASEBALL PLAYER.

AT THE FIRST STATE MILITARY ACADEMY BASEBALL TRYOUTS.



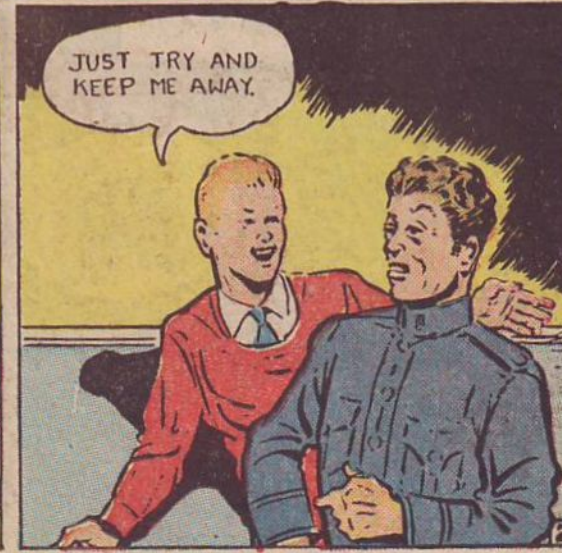
PARDON ME, COACH BUT THE SUPER-INTENDENT WANTS TO SEE SPEED RIGHT AWAY.

SAY, COACH SPAULDING HAS THE MAKING OF A REAL STAR

A FEW MINUTES LATER.



SPAULDING, HOW'D YOU LIKE TO SPEND A FEW MONTHS DOWN SOUTH?



THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON

THIS IS SPEED SPAULDING, COACH. HE PLAYED FIRST BASE AT S.M.A.

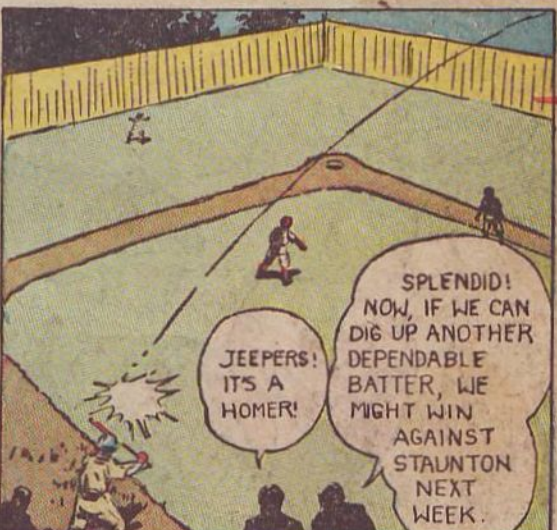
FINE! NOW, LET'S SEE HOW YOU CAN BAT. WHAT WE NEED MOST AT D.M.I. ARE A COUPLE OF GOOD HITTERS



PLAINLY NERVOUS, SPEED STRADDLES THE PLATE, WAITING FOR THE BALL.



THEN



JEEPERS! IT'S A HOMER!

SPLENDID! NOW, IF WE CAN DIG UP ANOTHER DEPENDABLE BATTER, WE MIGHT WIN AGAINST STAUNTON NEXT WEEK.

ON SATURDAY, SPEED GOES OUT ALONE TO EXPLORE THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY.



GEE! THAT MUST BE AN ANTE-BELLUM HOME.

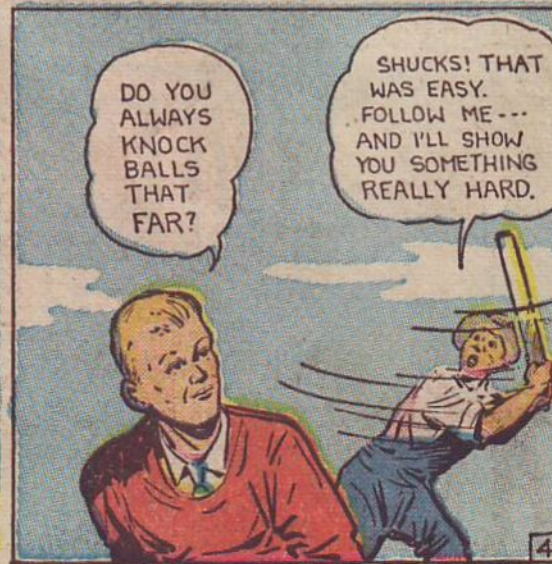


HELLO! DO YOU LIVE HERE?

RECKON I DO. YOU ONE OF THE INSTITUTE FELLERS?

FOLKS CALL ME RED WALTERS AND I DON'T WANT YOU STUCK-UP INSTITUTE FELLERS SNOOPING AROUND HERE.

YES. MY NAME'S SPEED SPAULDING.



SHORTLY AFTERWARDS.

OK, RED. I'VE SET UP 10 JUGS. NOW TRY TO HIT ONE.

HERE I GO.

RED TOSSES THE BALL IN THE AIR, BATS IT AND THEN---

HOLY COW! IT'S A BULL'S EYE.

FIVE MINUTES LATER.

GEE! TEN HITS OUT OF TEN TRIES! RED, YOU'RE--YOU'RE SUPER.

LISTEN, RED, COME WITH ME TO D.M.I. AND JOIN OUR BASEBALL TEAM.

UMMM--MAYBE I WILL. I SORTA LIKE THE IDEA.

ON MONDAY AFTERNOON.

"COACH. THIS IS RED WALTERS. HE WANTS TO TRY OUT FOR THE TEAM!"

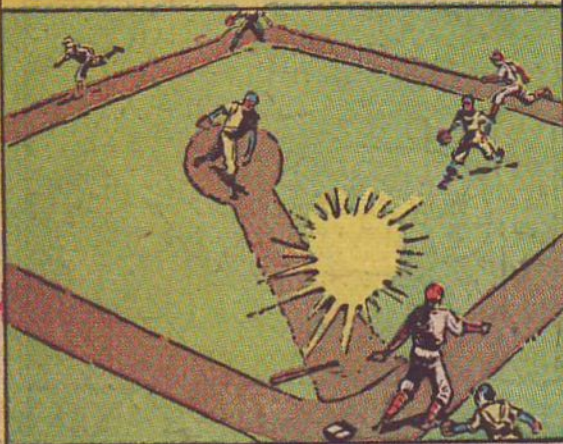
"ARE YOU KIDDING, SPAULDING? WE DON'T WANT ANY HILL-BILLYS ON OUR TEAM"

I DON'T STAND FOR NOBODY CALLING ME NAMES!"

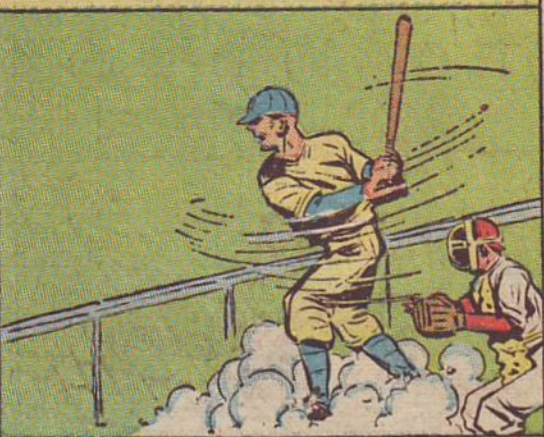
WHAM!

"BREAK IT UP. YOU TWO! AND PAY NO ATTENTION TO WHAT BRUCE SAID, RED! IF YOU'VE GOT THE ABILITY YOU'LL BE ON THE TEAM!"

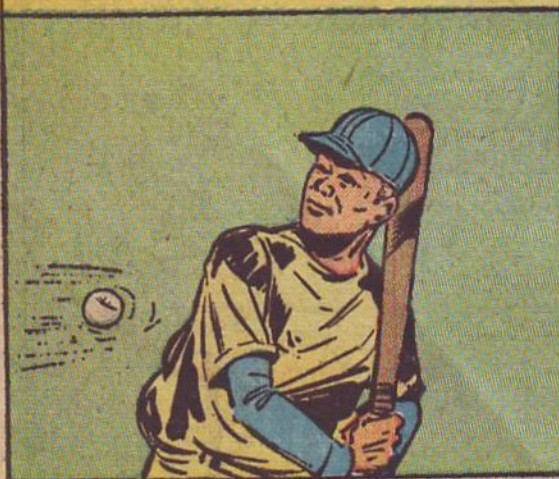
ON THE FOLLOWING SATURDAY, AFTER PLAYING A SCORELESS TIE WITH D.M.I. FOR 8 INNINGS. A STAUNTON MAN HITS A ONE BAGGER WITH BASES FULL.



DIXIE HOLDS STAUNTON TO A SINGLE RUN. BUT, IN THE LAST HALF OF THE NINTH, TWO D.M.I. MEN STRIKE OUT IN RAPID SUCCESSION.



THEN---SPEED SPAULDING COMES UP TO BAT.



HE STRIKES WILDLY AT THE FIRST BALL.



SPEED MISSES THE SECOND BALL TOO.



THEN---



SPEED SLAMS OUT A THREE BASE HIT.



VERY NERVOUS, RED WALTERS STEPS UP TO THE PLATE AS A PINCH HITTER.



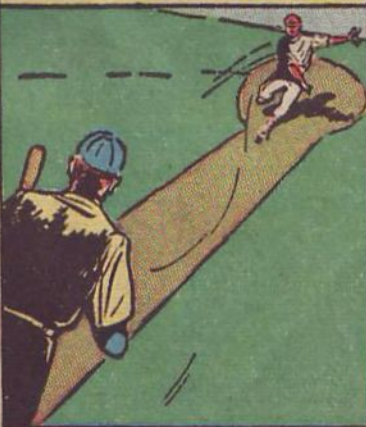
THE STAUNTON CHEERING SECTION HOOHS WITH DERISION



JUST WAIT.
I'LL SHOW
'EM I CAN
PLAY
BALL.



THE STAUNTON PITCHER SENDS A FAST ONE SIZZLING OVER THE HOME PLATE.



SWINGING WITH ALL HIS MIGHT, RED CONNECTS WITH THE BALL.



THEN---

SUFFERING
CATS! HE'S
KNOCKED THE
BALL CLEAN OUT
OF THE STADIUM.
IT'S A HOMER!



LATER.

CONGRATULATIONS,
BOYS, YOU WON
THE GAME FOR
US.

YOU KNOW
RED, I ENVY
YOU, BECAUSE
AFTER TODAY, I
WISH I WERE A
HILL-BILLY AND AS
GOOD AN AVIATOR
AS YOU WILL BE.



A BARREL OF FUN!



JOKER FUN KIT

Each of these joker novelties will produce gales of laughter. Amuse your friends and embarrass your enemies. **EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO BE THE LIFE OF THE PARTY!**

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NAME

ADDRESS

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PEPPER GUM—the more you chew it, the hotter it gets. **IMITATION BED BUGS**—lots of fun. **STINKERS**—for loading cigarettes; they smell terrible. **CIGAR BUTT**—a perfect imitation of a lit cigar. **FOAMING SUGAR**—when victim uses sugar it foams over top of cup. **RUBBER POINT PENCIL**—you can write with it but your victim can't. **INVISIBLE INK**—you can write secret letters or code. **HOT TOOTH PICKS**—perfect after dinner joke. **SHINER**—your victim looks through this miniature telescope and gets a black eye. You get all this for \$1.00. Money-back guarantee. Mail the coupon NOW!



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You can perform professional feats of magic! Each trick is easy to master but utterly astounding to the spectator! Every kit contains enough tricks for a complete show.

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CITY & ZONE.....STATE.....





WINDING AIMLESSLY THROUGH THE JUNGLE, ZARO, THE MAGICIAN, STUMBLES UPON A SCENE OF HORROR AND SUFFERING.

WHOSE CAMP IS THIS?
WHAT CAUSES THIS
MISERY?

WE ARE THE SURVIVORS
OF A GREAT SCIENTIFIC
EXPEDITION. WHO
ARE YOU?

I AM
ZARO!

MY NAME IS DR. DENMAN
FALL. THREE YEARS AGO, MY
COLLEAGUES AND I CAME HERE
TO OPEN THE TOMB OF
FAUTRA, A KING OF ANCIENT
EGYPT.

DAY AFTER DAY, FOR WEEKS, WE
DESCENDED INTO THE TOMB
BRINGING FORTH GOLD AND
RELICS WORTH A FORTUNE.

THEN, SOME OF MY MEN BEGAN TO
COMPLAIN OF A STRANGE WEARINESS.
THEY SUFFERED TERRIBLY BEFORE THEY
DIED.

FOR MONTHS, THEY DIED LIKE FLIES.
ONLY THOSE WHO HAD STAYED OUT
OF THE TOMB SURVIVED.



FRIGHTENED OUT OF THEIR SENSES BY THIS SERIES OF DEATHS, OUR NATIVES DESERTED, LEAVING US TO FACE CERTAIN DOOM.



I WORKED FEVERISHLY TO DECIPHER THE WRITINGS ON ANCIENT PLAQUES. I'M SURE NOW THAT I'VE FOUND A CURE, BUT WE ALL LACK THE STRENGTH TO GET IT.



ZARO, I KNOW THAT YOU ARE THE WIZARD OF THE JUNGLE. PERHAPS YOU CAN HELP US. YOU ARE THE ONLY MAN WHO HAS THE POWER TO GET THERE AND RETURN ALIVE.



TELL ME, WHERE THIS CURE IS TO BE FOUND. I WILL GET IT FOR YOU.



FAR TO THE SOUTH, THROUGH THE ZAMBESI COUNTRY, EXISTS THE REMAINS OF AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN CULTURE. THE PEOPLE HERE DESPISE STRANGERS, BUT THEY HOLD THE CURE. DEATH AWAITS IF THEY CATCH YOU!

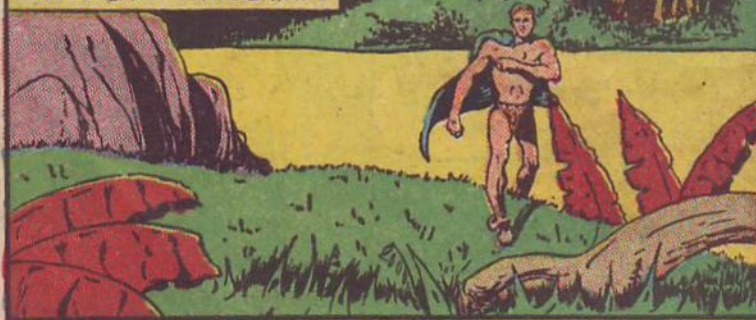


I SHALL RETURN WITH IT. HAVE NO FEAR.

GO NOW, MY FRIEND. AND LUCK BE WITH YOU.



STRIDING INTO THE DENSE JUNGLE, ZARO SOON LEAVES CAMP FAR BEHIND.



I'LL TAKE A SHORT CUT OVER THE NUCHI RIVER.



CROCODILES. I'M SOMETHING WILL HAVE TO BE DONE ABOUT THAT!



WITH A POWERFUL HYPNOTIC RAY, ZARO TRANSFORMS THE REPTILES INTO RIGID LOGS.



THE WALLS ARE BRISTLING WITH GUARDS.



THIS BRIDGE BEATS ANY EVER CROSSED!

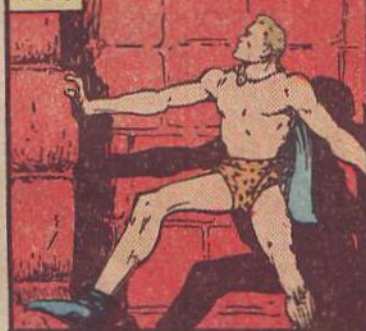


AFTER DAYS OF STEADY TRAVEL, ZARO ARRIVES AT A SITE HIDDEN FOR 3000 YEARS.

SO, THIS IS PART OF ANCIENT EGYPT.



CAUTIOUSLY, ZARO CLIMBS THE WALL.



HE STEPS OVER A PARAPET OPENING.



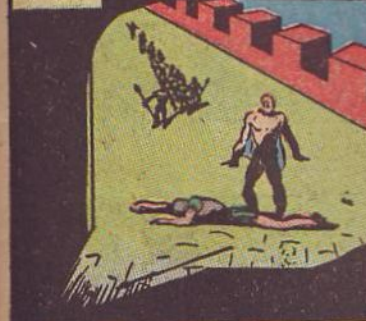
BUT HIS FOOT TOUCHES A TRAP LINE RELEASING A SPEAR. . .



QUICK AS A FLASH, ZARO DROPS TO ONE KNEE, AVOIDING THE FLYING SPEAR.



THE MOANS OF THE DYING GUARD BRING OTHER WARRIORS TO THE ROOF. .



BEFORE ZARO CAN EXERCISE HIS MAGIC POWERS, HE IS CAPTURED AND BOUND.



WHO ARE YOU TO DARE TO ENTER THE FORT OF FAUTRA?



KING FAUTRA? BUT HASN'T HE
BEEN DEAD FOR
CENTURIES?

THE DESCENDANTS
OF FAUTRA SHALL
NEVER DIE...
TAKE HIM TO THE
DUNGEON
BELOW!

I COME IN PEACE. I SEEK
THE CURE FOR THE STRANGE,
SLOW DEATH THAT COMES
FROM THE TOMB.

THE PURPLE VIAL WHICH
CONTAINS THE CURE IS
PRICELESS. IF YOU CAN
PASS THE TEST OF THE
GREEN SERPENT, THE
VIAL IS YOURS. FOR
PROOF, BRING US ONE
OF THE MONSTER'S
EYES.

THE GREEN SERPENT ROAMS
BELOW, DEEP IN THE EARTH. THIS
OPENING SHALL REMAIN UNLOCKED
FOR THREE DAYS. IF YOU DO NOT
RETURN BY THEN, WE WILL
KNOW YOU ARE DEAD.

ZARO LOWERS HIMSELF THROUGH THE OPENING TO THE MURKY
GLOOM BELOW.

WHILE ABOVE, ON THE DUNGEON FLOOR,
THE TREACHEROUS WARRIORS ENJOY
A HEARTY LAUGH.

LOCK THE OPENING!
EVEN IF HE GETS
THAT FAR ALIVE
IT WILL DO
HIM NO
GOOD!

AS ZARO MOVES CAUTIOUSLY THROUGH
THE DARK PASSAGE, QUEER, RAT-LIKE
MEN NOTICE AND RESENT HIS
PRESENCE..

HIS SKIN IS OF A DIFFERENT
COLOR THAN OURS, AND HE IS
TAILLESS. HE IS
AN ENEMY!

SUDDENLY..

WHAT STRANGE
LOOKING
CREATURES!

GO BACK, OR YOU DIE.
WE DO NOT WELCOME
STRANGERS!

COME, MOVE! I'VE NO
TIME TO WASTE WITH
YOU!



ENRAGED BY HIS TONE, THE RATMEN SPRING FOR ZARO.



BUT ZARO CALLS UPON HIS
MAGIC POWERS.



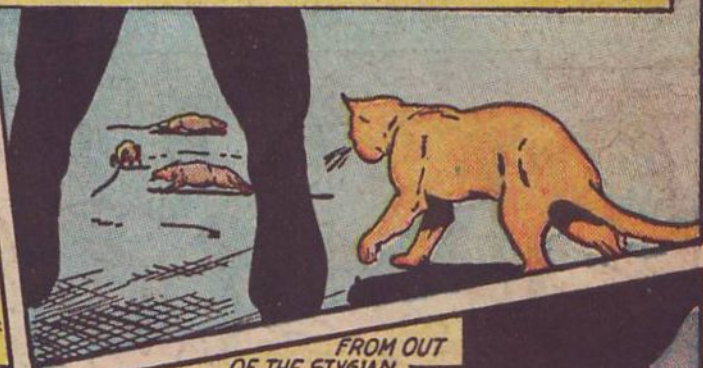
THE UGLY CREATURES ARE TURNED INTO TINY, SCURRYING RATS.



WITH ANOTHER GESTURE, ZARO
CREATES A CAT OUT OF THIN AIR.



FACED BY THEIR NATURAL ENEMY, THE RATS FLEE TO SHELTER.



SUDDENLY, A THUNDEROUS ROAR
FILLS THE CAVERN.

WHAT IS THAT? IT'S
LOUDER THAN ALL THE
LIONS OF THE JUNGLE
PUT TOGETHER



FROM OUT
OF THE STYGIAN
GLOOM EMERGES A
HORRIBLE, WRITHING SERPENT.



THE GREEN SERPENT! THE BIGGEST CREATURE I'VE SEEN IN MY LIFE!



SLOWLY AND MENACINGLY, THE HORRIBLE CREATURE HISSES AS HE WRIGGLES TOWARD ZARO.



LOOKS LIKE I HAVE TO THINK FAST!



WITH A POWERFUL MAGIC RAY, ZARO HALTS THE SLITHERING ADVANCE.



THE MONSTER ROARS AND THRASHES, AS HIS BODY BECOMES PARALYZED BY THE RAY.



ZARO SENDS WAVE AFTER WAVE OF MAGIC, BUT THE SERPENT'S HEAD STILL LIVES.



I MUST GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO DESTROY HIM! IT MEANS PITTING MY STRENGTH AGAINST HIS!



DECIDING UPON A DANGEROUS PLAN, ZARO LEAPS BETWEEN THE JAWS OF THE SERPENT.



ONE MOVE OF THIS SCALY DEVIL'S JAWS, AND I'LL BE MANGLED... GOT TO SUMMON ALL MY STRENGTH FOR THIS JOB...



SLOWLY, ZARO FORCES OPEN THE JAWS OF THE MONSTER... GREAT GUSTS OF STEAM COME FROM THE SERPENT'S MOUTH.



EXHAUSTED, ZARO RESTS FOR A BRIEF MOMENT BETWEEN THE GIGANTIC JAWS.



WELL, HE'S DEAD! NOW TO GET HIS EYE.



IT'S LIKE A FLASHING DIAMOND. A FAIR EXCHANGE FOR THE PURPLE VIAL



RETRACING HIS WAY BACK THROUGH THE TUNNEL, ZARO FINDS HIS EXIT SHUT.



HALLOOOO!
HALLO THERE!
OPEN THE GRATING!
I HAVE CONQUERED
THE GREEN
SERPENT!



HIS ANSWER IS MOCKING
LAUGHTER FROM ABOVE.



FURIOUS AT HIS BETRAYAL, ZARO SENDS A TERRIFIC RAY BOLT UP TO THE TUNNEL CEILING. A GREAT VOID OPENS BEFORE HIM.



JUST A MINUTE! I'VE GOT
A FEW QUESTIONS TO
ASK YOU FIRST!



LEAD ME TO THE PURPLE VIAL,
OR I'LL TEAR YOU
TO PIECES!



YES! YES!
BUT LET ME
FREE! YOU'RE
BREAKING
MY LEG!

THROUGH A NARROW PASSAGEWAY
ZARO FOLLOWS THE WARRIOR.

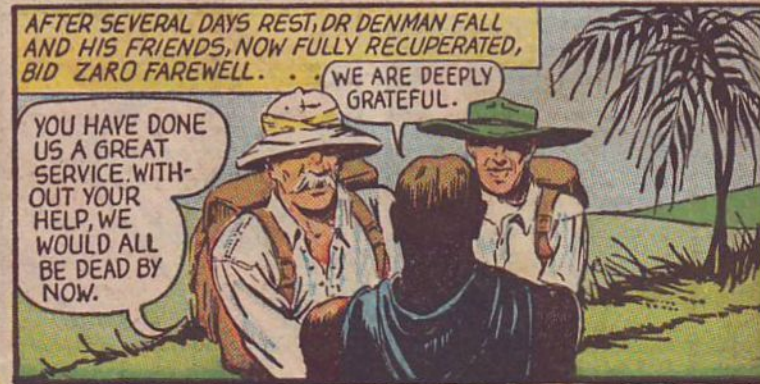
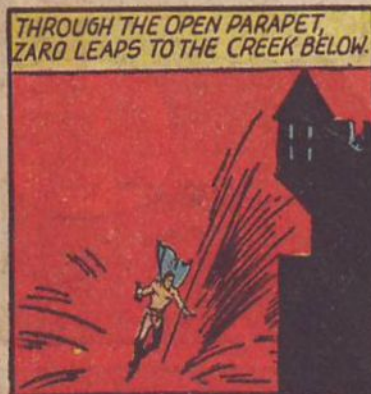


AT LAST, HE STOPS TO RAP UPON
A MASSIVE WOODEN DOOR.



THE DOOR DOES NOT OPEN. ZARO
THROWS HIS BODY AGAINST IT
WITH SUCH FORCE THAT IT IS
TORN FROM ITS HINGES IN
THE WALL.







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☐ ITALIAN

Enclosed is ☐ Money Order. ☐ Check to cover cost of books at 50c ea., 3 for \$1.00, 5 for \$1.65.

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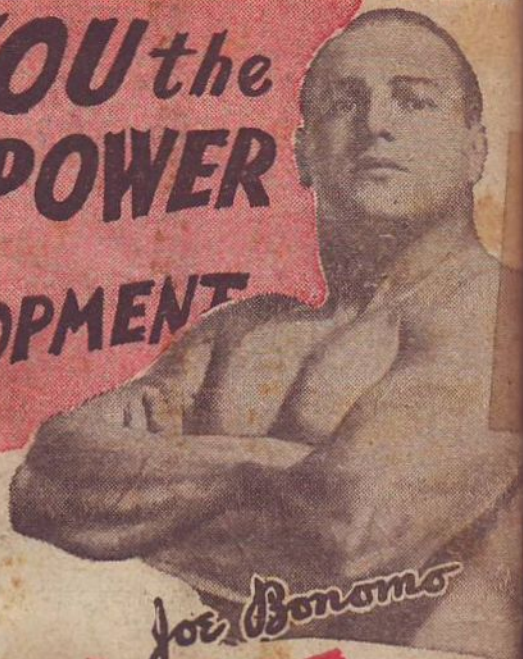
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20% additional for Canada.

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STRENGTH, POWER
and
MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT
that will make you into a



Powerful

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WITH SPEED, ENDURANCE, BIG MUSCLES, BROAD SHOULDERS
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and a
3¢ stamp

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with this 2-Way Stretch



All Nylon Girdle!

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The ALL-NYLON Two-Way Stretch girdle comes in TWO Styles—REGULAR and PANTY. Both are easily washed—just dip in warm water and suds. Panty has removable garters and crotch. Order Panty or Regular Style in your choice of four exciting shades: NUDE, BLUE, WHITE and Glamorous, Alluring BLACK.

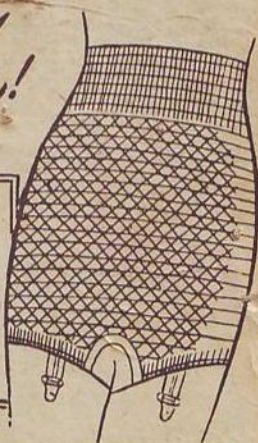
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